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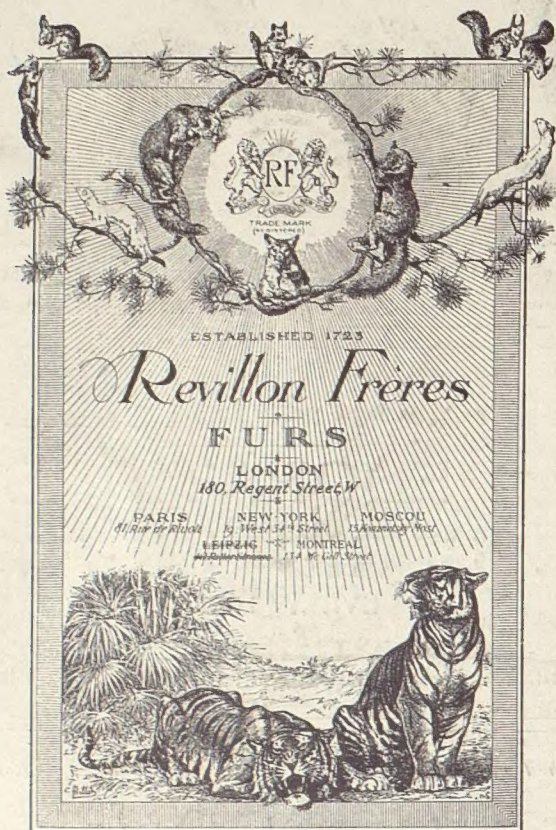
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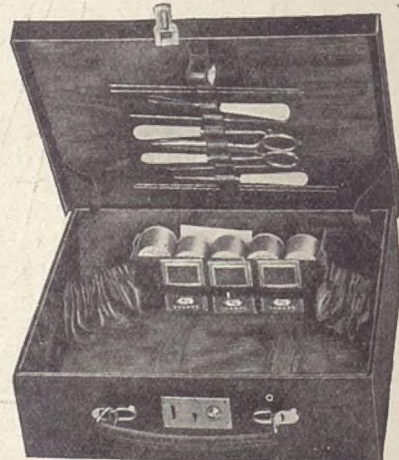
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# The Sketch

No. 1138.—Vol. LXXXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1914.

SIXPENCE.

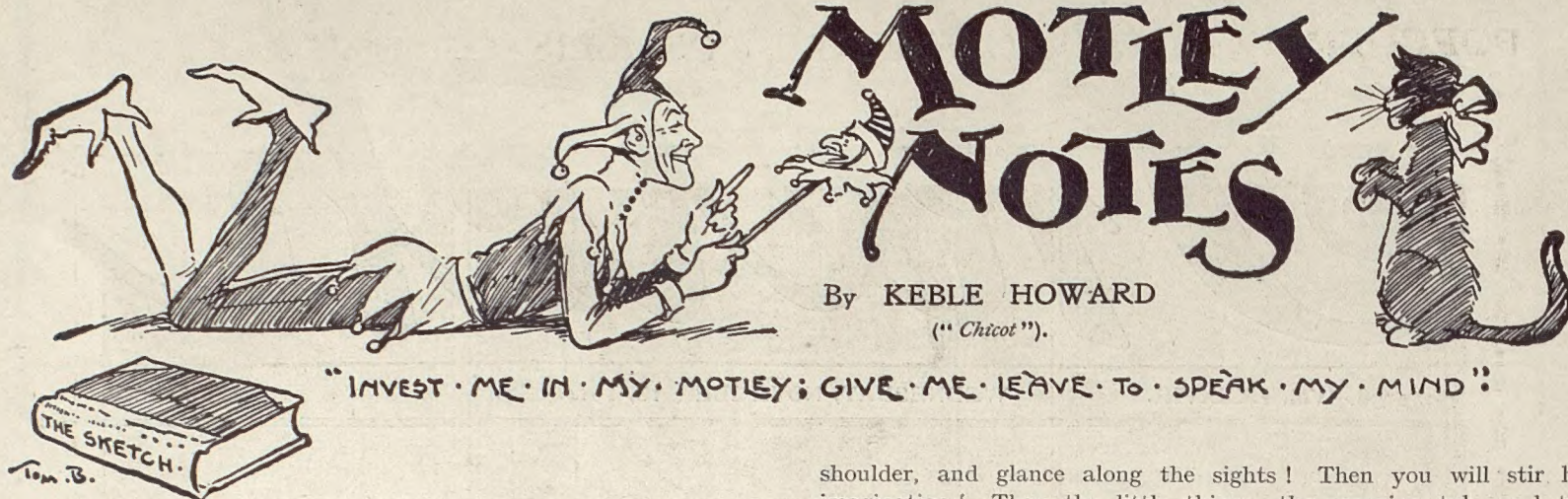


THE FAMOUS RUSSIAN DANCER WHOSE HUSBAND HAS BEEN WOUNDED: MME. LYDIA KYASHT.

Very many will regret to learn that Mme. Lydia Kyasht, the famous Russian dancer who appeared with such great success at the Empire for some years, has received news that her husband, Captain Ragasin, of the Russian Army, has been wounded.

There is consolation in the knowledge that he has been given the St. George's Cross for valour. All will wish him speedy recovery, both for his own sake and for that of his charming wife.—[*Photograph by Bassano.*]





### Need for Stage-Management.

"This recruiting business," said a man well known in the theatrical world, and himself an officer in his Majesty's forces, "wants stage-managing. We want more life in it, more colour, more display! Why do we all run to the window when we hear a military band coming down the street? Because we're all boys at heart. We can't resist the appeal of the big drum. That's what we want to-day—bands, and more bands, and then a whole lot of bands!"

"Every day I see detachments of Kitchener's Army marching through the streets. Do the people cheer? No. Is there a band at the head of the column? No. Why not? Why should these chaps be led to and fro like a lot of convicts? You'll never get the others to come in until we have plenty of bands, and plenty of excitement, and plenty of the clash of warfare!"

One felt that he was right. We want stirring up. Phlegm is all very well in its way, but you can overdo it. A phlegmatic race that never loses its head a little is in danger of developing into a dull race. I'm afraid the English are inclined to be rather a dull race. The average man is afraid of his next-door neighbour. If I flung my hat into the air and yelled "Hurrah!" when the boys in their new khaki and with the serious little faces passed by, every man within a hundred yards would turn and look at me in amazement. And yet that's just what we ought to be doing.

More buck, gentlemen, more buck!

### Universal Service.

I propose, very humbly and in all seriousness, to suggest a scheme to the authorities for the enlivening, and the quickening up, and the stiffening of dear, dull old England. My proposal is this. Let us have universal service, but let it be *really* universal. Don't call it universal service if you mean to impress the unmarried young men and let the others plod about as usual for the time being. Let universal service be compulsory for every man between the ages of eighteen and fifty. Every man! No favours! No excuses! None of your millionaires with suborned doctors! Let's have every man jack between those ages learning his drill and his rifle-exercises and his target-practice. Then we shall get a military spirit throughout the country, and a fine army to talk about peace in the correct tone of voice when the time comes.

The work of the country must go on—any ass knows that. So it could go on. A man may be enrolled, and put into a uniform, and have to drill and shoot; but he can attend to his affairs and his work in general at the same time. Three days on and three days off, if you like. Graduate the thing according to age. For example—

18-30 (unmarried)	-	-	entire services.
18-30 (married)	-	-	half services.
30-40 (unmarried)	-	-	half services.
30-40 (married)	-	-	two days a week.
40-50	-	-	one day a week.

### Millions of British!

That is the way, I reverently and timidly offer, to get the martial spirit into the nation, and to keep up such a supply of soldiers that poor old Germany and Austria will be fought to an open-mouthed, nerveless standstill. A man can't be martial all by himself. There is nothing to excite the martial spirit in a back-garden and a garden-roller. But take that same phlegmatic citizen and stand him up in a line with forty or fifty other men! Let him feel the ground quiver beneath the steady tread-tread of his company! Let him get hold of a rifle, and balance it in his right hand, and bring it up to his

shoulder, and glance along the sights! Then you will stir his imagination! Then the little things—the morning tub, and the comfy slippers, and the easy-chair, and the tick-tick of the familiar clock—will seem utterly silly and dull beside the rush, and the whirl, and the frenzied excitement, and the thrills, and the agony, and the triumph of battle!

Recruits? There will be no lack of recruits, my lords and gentlemen, if the sound of the trumpet and the drum once gets into the ears of the people. Drill the whole lot! Make every man a soldier! Train every man, slowly and steadily, so that we have an army of millions. And then, in the year 1917, when the war will end, Great Britain will find that she has not suffered and given up so many of her finest sons in vain!

That, it seems to me, is the way for a great nation to make war.

### The Heart of the Empire.

"A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

I commend that familiar little quotation to the authorities responsible for putting the lid on London at five o'clock, and shutting it down tight at ten. I believe in the panoply of war, and I believe also in the gaiety of war. London is the heart of the Empire, after all, and if the heart of London is not merry, the Empire will gradually feel the effect of the sadness. It will be reflected in the Press, and in the books, and in the plays, and in the songs, and in the music, and in the faces of those who come and go through the Metropolis.

"How is London taking it?"

"Gloomiest hole I was ever in."

"Why? Are they afraid?"

"Lord, no!"

"What's the matter, then?"

"They have to go to bed at ten, and they mayn't have a light."

"Reminds one of childhood's happy days."

"Childhood's happy days? Fudge! Didn't you know, when you heard the grown-ups laughing and talking downstairs, that they were having all the best of it? Yes, and they knew it, too. No more of happy childhood's days for me, thanks—except by compulsion."

### Do Your Best—Then Chance It.

Always one must submit to discipline, and especially in times of war. Those whom we have placed in authority over us must be obeyed. At the same time, it is permissible to come forward, salute, and offer up a tiny idea.

In this matter, then, of darkening London and sending the good citizens to bed at ten o'clock, it seems to me that London might be protected from the visits of air-ships, not by placing searchlights on the Marble Arch and other famous coigns of vantage, but in having these lights, and their attendant guns, on the hills round London. At the back of my house run the North Downs—a fine range of hills 600 feet above sea-level. To the ordinary fool, it seems possible to protect London by driving back an air-ship before it ever gets to London. In the country, again, you can fire at an air-ship without doing such an amount of damage to those on earth. I and my neighbours, for example, might be killed, but we should have the satisfaction of knowing that Londoners were having the usual merry old time of it. We should realise that the heart of the Empire was merry, and therefore capable of going all the day instead of tiring in a mile-a.

I spent an evening in London recently. I came out of the theatre at eleven, and tried at two of my clubs and at one hotel to buy a whisky-and-soda. They gave me ginger-ale instead, and I had to travel twenty mile-a. My merry heart was very tired when I reached my cheerful home.



## PORCUPINY, BUT NOT FRETFUL: PHYLLIS OF THE FEATHERS.



A VERY KILLING PIECE OF CUPID'S ARTILLERY: MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN IN "THE POM-POM DANCE,"  
AT THE ALHAMBRA.

"The Pom-Pom" is the title of a dance recently revived in the Alhambra's popular revue, "Everything New? Not Likely!" The dancers are Miss Phyllis Monkman and Mr. Morrison. In spite of a title suggestive of death-dealing artillery, it will be

gathered from our photograph that this particular "Pom-Pom," used in a "western theatre" which is a long way from Flanders, is only killing in a metaphorical sense of the word.—[Photograph by Wrather and Buys.]



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CAPT. C. E. WILSON, 1ST BATT. ROYAL  
WEST SURREY (CHEVALIER).

We give here portraits of a few of the large number of British officers on whom the President of the French Republic has conferred the Legion of Honour for gallantry during the operations between August 21 and 30. Some have received the cross of an "Officier," others that of a "Chevalier." Captain R. H. Sanderson, it may be noted, is an old Cambridge rowing "Blue." He rowed twice in winning

crews against Oxford, in 1899 and 1900, and was in the Leander Olympic Eight in 1908. Mr. George A. Lloyd, who is in the Scots Guards, is M.P. (Unionist) for West Staffordshire. He has travelled much in Asia and Egypt, and was at one time an Attaché in the Embassy at Constantinople. Captain C. E. Wilson, of the Royal West Surrey Regiment, who received the Croix de Chevalier, has been killed in action.

Photographs by Gale and Polden, H. Walter Barnett, Collings, Chancellor, Sport and General, Lafayette, and Beresford.



## CHIEF MOURNERS OF LORD ROBERTS: HIS WIDOW AND HEIRESS.



WIDOW OF THE GREAT FIELD - MARSHAL: LADY ROBERTS.

The sympathy of the Empire goes out to Lady Roberts, the life-companion of the great Field-Marshal since their marriage in 1859. She was Miss Nora Henrietta Bews, and is a daughter of the late Captain John Bews, of the 73rd Regiment. Lord Roberts' Earldom passes, by a special remainder, to his elder daughter, Lady Aileen Roberts. His younger surviving daughter, Lady Edwina, was married last year to Major Henry F. E. Lewin, of the Royal Field Artillery. Lord and Lady Roberts had two other daughters and a son who died in infancy. Their other son, the late Lieutenant Frederick Roberts, lost his life in a heroic attempt to save the guns at Colenso during the South African War. He was only twenty-eight, but had served in three expeditions in India



SUCCESSOR TO LORD ROBERTS' TITLE: LADY AILEEN ROBERTS.

and the Nile Expedition of 1898. Before he died he was recommended for the V.C. As the "Times" Memoir of Lord Roberts well said: "There was singular pathos in the summons to the veteran Field-Marshal to take the field himself following so closely upon such a blow, and the wife who bravely bore this two-fold trial deserved well of her country." Lady Roberts received messages of condolence from the King and Queen and all the members of the Royal Family. She was unable to accept the offer of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster for the burial of Lord Roberts in the Abbey, as it was his wish to be laid to rest near Englemere, his home at Ascot, which in latter years he and Lady Roberts made a centre of genial hospitality.



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**TO AUTHORS.**—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

**TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.**—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published Photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

**SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.**—The Editor will be glad to consider photographs of interesting Society people (snapshots or "Studio" portraits), beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

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Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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#### THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

##### "IVAN IVANOVICH": MILITARY RUSSIA.\*

**The Power of the Slavs.** "The Slav," it is noted in "The Russian Advance," "is the world's most fervent nationalist"; and Imperial Russia is the

great Protector of the Slavs. Hence, in a measure, the war, although, of course, there were other causes for the conflict, Prussian militarism chief among them. "With the exception of the Greeks, Turks, and the sparse Teutonic population, the inhabitants of the whole of Eastern and South-Eastern Europe are of Slavonic origin. They number roughly 125,000,000, and they possess the best of all rights to their territories—that of settlement at the time when the Aryan peoples migrated from Asia to Europe." And the Slav always maintains his traits: he is never absorbed, as colonist or as conquered. That is a great source of strength. "The war that the nation fights is already half won." When the great war began, the unity of Russia was at once abundantly evident. "The people, realising that war was inevitable days before the Governments gave up hope of peace, acclaimed it with enthusiasm." The Germans, or Nemetz, as they are called, are cordially hated in the Tsar's dominions. Moreover, "Pan-Slavism is a very real doctrine among the mujiks, who have an unlimited faith in the heaven-sent destinies of their race. There is hardly a soldier in all Russia's immense army that does not regard the freeing of all sorts and conditions of Slavs as his most sacred duty."

##### The Difficulties of Mobilisation.

Beliefs, however, and determination are not all. There must be preparation and good leadership. Russia has proved that she has both. Some have called her advance slow: they do not know. As a matter of fact, our Ally has done wonders. Mobilisation, for one thing, is exceptionally hard for her. In the present instance, "it was a triumph over almost insuperable difficulties and a miracle of national organisation and effort." Nitchevo—it can't be helped—was forgotten; all was orderly haste and enthusiasm. Recall that "the area of the Russian Empire is forty times that of Germany, but its population is only three times as great. The units to be concentrated are diffusely scattered; they have to be gathered singly. The majority of the troops summoned to the colours have to traverse vast distances, often on foot, before they can reach the railway which will take them to their mobilisation centres." Yet, instead of being immune from serious attack for at least six weeks, as they anticipated, Russia's enemies found her hosts advancing on Aug. 16—barely a fortnight after the issue of the general mobilisation order!

##### The Russian Tommy: Ivan Ivanovich.

This, thanks to General Soukhomlinov, the Russian Kitchener; that fine Generalissimo, the Grand Duke Nicholas; the officers, and Ivan Ivanovich—the man. The Russian "Tommy," indeed, has shown himself what those who knew him expected he would once more prove to be—a gallant soldier, determined to win. General Soukhomlinov, aware that goose-stepping would not suit his temperament, abolished all that. He reckoned with the mind as well as the body—in most un-Teutonic fashion. He was dealing with a man of bravery, unquestioning obedience, infinite capacity for hardship, and a stolid fatalism which makes him the same in victory or defeat. He had him properly organised and led—that was all; and, for the time, vodka was put on the prohibited list: the war is not called the Teetotal War for nothing. The fine result none realise better than Russia's present Allies. A traveller who passed some thirty hours in Kiev recently said: "The men are as proud as peacocks, and tremendously in earnest. Ivan Ivanovich is a very important person just now, and he knows it. Physically, he is splendid. Seldom tall, but always thickset and well proportioned, he is a first-class fighting-man. . . . And it is all done on the most frugal of vegetarian diets! What would our Tommies say to a diet of black bread and fermented cabbage? Those who doubted Russia's military value should spend a few hours in Kiev and note how regiment after regiment marches through with never the slightest hitch or confusion. They should see those sturdy Tommies, with their cruel rapier-like bayonets always fixed. They should hear their deep-throated war-chants. . . ." With truth it was written in the earlier days of the war: "Russia has achieved more than any other Power engaged in the war, and far more than could rightly have been expected of her." And still she goes on, adding achievement to achievement, winning fresh laurels.—Mr. Marr Murray's "The Russian Advance" is capital—at least the equal of any of its companion-volumes, and that is high praise. It should certainly be put on the war book-shelf.

\* "The Russian Advance." By Marr Murray. (Daily Telegraph War Books; Hodder and Stoughton, publishers; 1s. net.)





"GIVE ME MEN, AND I WILL GIVE YOU"—BERLIN! : THE RECRUITING PROBLEM.

**"Men, and More Men."**

Lord Kitchener never speaks with an uncertain voice, and at the Lord Mayor's Banquet he told the nation, firmly but quietly, that it was of supreme importance that the country should give him "men, and more men," that the enemy may finally be crushed by weight of numbers. At the same time, he let us know that the response to previous appeals for men had been excellent, and that there are already a million and a quarter of men in training in Great Britain.

**What Can I Do?** The first great rush of high-spirited young men to the colours has spent itself, and the men who remain may require a new stimulus. They have become used now to the posters, and the appeals on the taxi-cabs, and the orators

in their households. It will be interesting, when this is completed, to see how many club servants of a military age there are now in London. In most of the clubs that I know not many of the servants have gone to join the colours, and I wonder whether there are influences at work that prevent the men from enlisting.

**The Committees Not to Blame.**

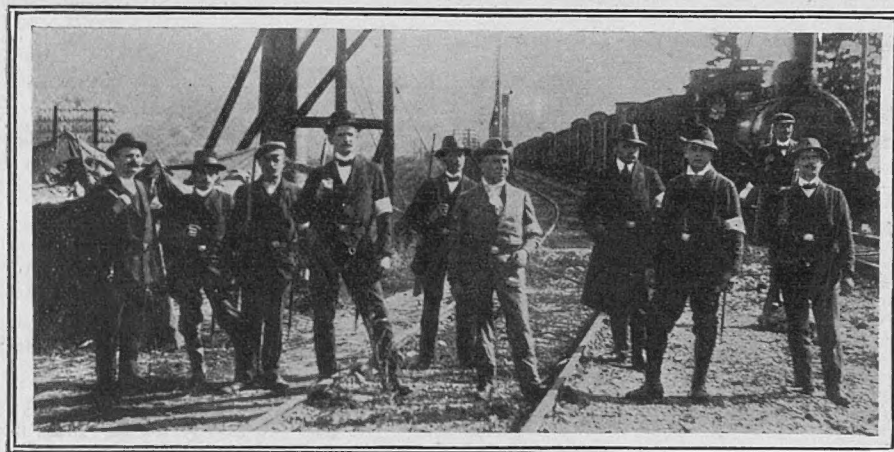
I do not, in writing thus, mean that the members of the clubs and the club committees do not in every club in London give the servants every opportunity to join the colours, keep their places open for them, and give them a portion of their pay while they are in camp or at the war; but a few words of discouragement from a steward or one of the upper servants may do more to dissuade a lad in a comfortable situation from leaving it than all the encouragement from higher quarters can do to send him into the ranks. It is a matter to which committee-men of clubs might give some serious thought.

**The New Pensions.**

Every man who goes out to the war most naturally thinks that he is coming back alive and well at its close, and an enormous majority of the men and officers will go through the war without a scratch or a bruise. But every man will like to know that if he is "broke" in the war the country will look to his comfort in days to come. If he is a married man, and leaves a wife and children behind him, it is a comfort to him to know that, should he fall in the service of his country, those dependent on him will not suffer any want. The thought of wife and children is the thought that comes to all brave married men at the supreme moment. Captain Scott, dying in his tent at the South Pole, made his last request to his country that the wives and children of the men who were dying in the white solitude should not want. When the word passes down the trenches in Flanders on a dark night to "Fix bayonets," every officer and every man who is married has a thought of those at home before rushing forward to look death full in the face. And therefore it is wise and right that the new scale of pensions—which gives every widow and her children a sufficiency on which to live, and which provides handsomely for the disabled men—should be made as widely known as possible amongst the men who are likely to enlist.

**Our Duties.**

Willing personal service as a recruiter on the part of men who for any good reason cannot serve at the front, and on the part of all women, plenty of music



AS THEY DO IT IN GERMANY: MEN OF A VOLUNTEER FORCE EQUIVALENT TO OUR SPECIAL CONSTABLES.

Like our Special Constables, the German volunteer force to which these men belong is employed in guarding railways, bridges, tunnels, waterworks, power-stations, and so on. It will be observed that they are armed with rifles, whereas the British Special Constable has only a truncheon.—[Photograph by C.N.]

at the street-corners and in the parks; and those of us who belong, through age or sex, to the recruiters and not to the recruited should think whether we cannot each, in some way, bring new influence to bear upon the doubters and shirkers.

**The Retired Colonels.**

It would be, I feel sure, a wise move on the part of the War Office if they would organise, as unpaid recruiting officers, the thousands of elderly retired senior officers who have all volunteered, but for whom no work has been found at the present crisis. An arm-band or a badge need be their only distinguishing mark, and when once they have been put into touch with the recruiting officers of their town or county their organisation would entail no further work on the War Office. These unpaid recruiters might be of great service to the State; they certainly could do no harm, and they would not add in any way to the expenses of the nation.

**Organised Send-Offs.**

In London, brass bands are now to do recruiting marches in the morning, and I am sure that music is a valuable aid to the recruiting-sergeant. A lad who has given up a well-paid position to learn the work of a soldier in some great camp under wintry skies likes to feel that his village or his town is proud of him. And when a knot of young villagers go off to serve their King I am confident that it is wise to send them off with flying colours and with a band playing. The ladies of a village can see to this even better than the men. There is hardly a village in rural England that has not its band, and that band, if properly approached, would be pleased to play the boys out of the village to some good marching air, while flags are waved and the girls and the old men give them a cheer.

**The Clubman's Duty.**

I wonder sometimes whether we elderly clubmen, who are all trying in one way or another to serve our King and our country, do not in our recruiting efforts somewhat overlook our own territory. I understand that in the near future householders are to be asked to send in a return of the number of young men fit for military service



AS WE DO IT IN ENGLAND: SPECIAL CONSTABLES LINING PART OF THE ROUTE OF THE LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION.

Nearly 5000 of the 30,000 Special Constables of the Metropolitan area, who have been doing much useful and unostentatious work in guarding bridges, power-stations, and other important structures since they were enrolled on Aug. 17, aided in lining the route of the Lord Mayor's Procession; others were on duty for the state opening of Parliament. The King has expressed his appreciation of their services.

Photograph by Central Press Photos., Ltd.

and a cheerful send-off for the boys who take the shilling, and the assurance to those who leave dependents at home that the country is pledged to treat well the widows and the orphans are, it seems to me, the things that we of Clubland can do to help recruiting.



## FROM BOTH SIDES: WAR SCENES AND PERSONALITIES.



IN A STATE OF WAR WITH HIS OTHER SELF AT HYDE PARK CORNER: THE KAISER'S STATUE OF ACHILLES IN CORFU.



DOES HE EXPECT TO EXCHANGE IT FOR ST. HELENA, OR TO FIND IT SUPERFLUOUS WHEN HE ACQUIRES BUCKINGHAM PALACE? THE ACHILLEION IN CORFU: ONE OF THE KAISER'S HOLIDAY PALACES SAID TO BE GOING CHEAP.



IN A STATE OF NATURE: ONE OF THE NUMEROUS STATUES IN THE GROUNDS OF THE KAISER'S CORFU PALACE.



NOT A PERSONA GRATA IN GERMANY JUST NOW: THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS NICHOLAIEVITCH.



THE KAISER'S COUSIN OF "EMDEN" FAME: PRINCE FRANZ JOSEF OF HOHENZOLLERN.



A SINGER WHO HAS "TAKEN THE CALL" WITH THE RED CROSS: MR. KENNERLEY RUMFORD.



LEADER OF HIS TROOPS AGAINST THEIR "MOST HATED FOE": PRINCE RUPPRECHT OF BAVARIA.



TRIBUTE TO BELGIUM'S HEROINE: A BOUQUET FOR QUEEN ELIZABETH PRESENTED TO HER BY THE BELGIAN REFUGEES IN ENGLAND.



KILLED IN ACTION: SECOND LIEUT. CARLETON WYNDHAM TUFNELL, 2ND BATT. GRENADIER GUARDS.



ENGAGED IN GOOD WORK FOR UNEMPLOYED WOMEN: VISCOUNTESS CASTLEREAGH AND THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY (ON THE RIGHT).

The Kaiser is said to have offered to sell his holiday palace in Corfu, the Achilleion, to a Swiss hotel syndicate, at a low price. Does he anticipate retiring to some other island—St. Helena, for example—or does he expect to get Buckingham Palace instead, and be crowned in Westminster Abbey? The Achilleion was built for the late Empress of Austria, and cost, it is said, £4,000,000. — The Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholasievitch, we need hardly say, is Generalissimo of the Russian armies. — Prince Franz Josef of Hohenzollern was one of the officers of the "Emden" saved. — Mr. Kennerley Rumford,

husband of Mrs. Clara Butt, has taken his touring-car to the front fitted as an ambulance. — The Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, in a recent Army Order, alluded to the British as "our most hated foe." — On the occasion of King Albert's birthday the Belgian refugees in England arranged to send him greetings, and a bouquet to the Queen of the Belgians. — Our photograph of Lady Londonderry and her daughter-in-law, Lady Castlereagh, was taken at the opening of the Women Workers' Shop in Oxford Street, all goods sold at which are made by women out of employment through the war.



## THE WAR IN MAYFAIR; AND THE LAW IN THE STRAND



IN THE WEST END NOW THAT THE GREAT WAR IS IN BEING: WOUNDED OFFICERS RETURNED FROM THE FRONT—AFTER THE SERVICE IN MEMORY OF LIEUT.-COLONEL WILSON.

It is impossible to pass through the streets of the West End without being confronted with evidences of the havoc which is being wrought by the war in the ranks of the aristocracy. The Roll of Honour which is published day by day and week by week is not more convincing proof of the gallantry of our officers than is the ubiquitous wearing of mourning and the presence in the streets of a number of the wounded.

Our illustration shows some of these wounded officers and their friends who assembled on Nov. 12 at Christ Church, Down Street, Piccadilly, to pay the last tribute to their gallant comrade and friend, Lieut.-Colonel Wilson, of the Royal Horse Guards, at the Memorial Service. The arm in the sling, the bandaged head, the slipped foot, tell their own story.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]



PRICKING THE SHERIFFS IN THE YEAR OF THE GREAT WAR: THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, WHO HAS TWO SONS IN THE ACTIVE SERVICE ARMY, AMONG THE JUDGES.

Even in the midst of a great modern war old-time duties and dignities of life must be carried out, and our picture shows the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord President of the Council, and a bevy of Judges, assembled for the ancient ceremony of pricking the Sheriffs at the Law Courts, on Nov. 12. The Sheriffs nominated were for all the Counties in England and Wales, save Cornwall

and Lancaster. The following personages took part in the function (left to right): Mr. Justice Scrutton, the Lord Chief Justice (Lord Reading), the Chancellor of the Exchequer (the Right Hon. D. Lloyd-George), Mr. Justice Darling (with whom the Chancellor, who has two sons in training for the front, is conversing), Earl Beauchamp (Lord President of the Council), and Mr. Justice Sankey.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



FUNK - HOLES FOR BOMB - DODGERS :



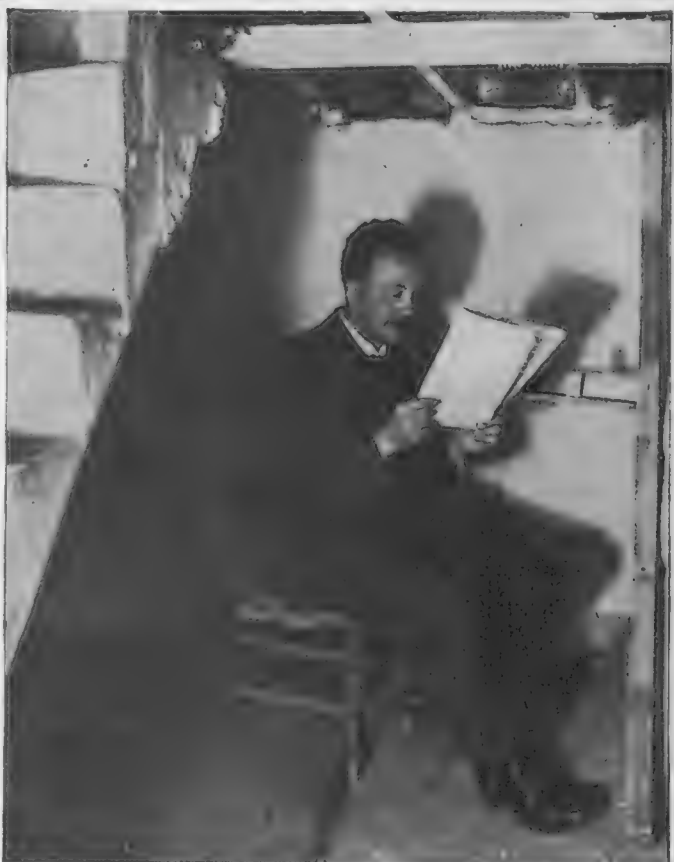
A FEW SACKFULS OF EARTH FROM THE BACK GARDEN  
WILL STRENGTHEN THE RAFTERS.



YOU CAN SLEEP IN PEACE WITH THESE EARTH-BAGS ON THE RAFTERS  
OF THE LOFT ABOVE YOUR BEDROOM.



IF YOU WANT TO BE AS SAFE AS THE MEAT-SAFE, HAVE BREAKFAST  
IN THE CELLAR



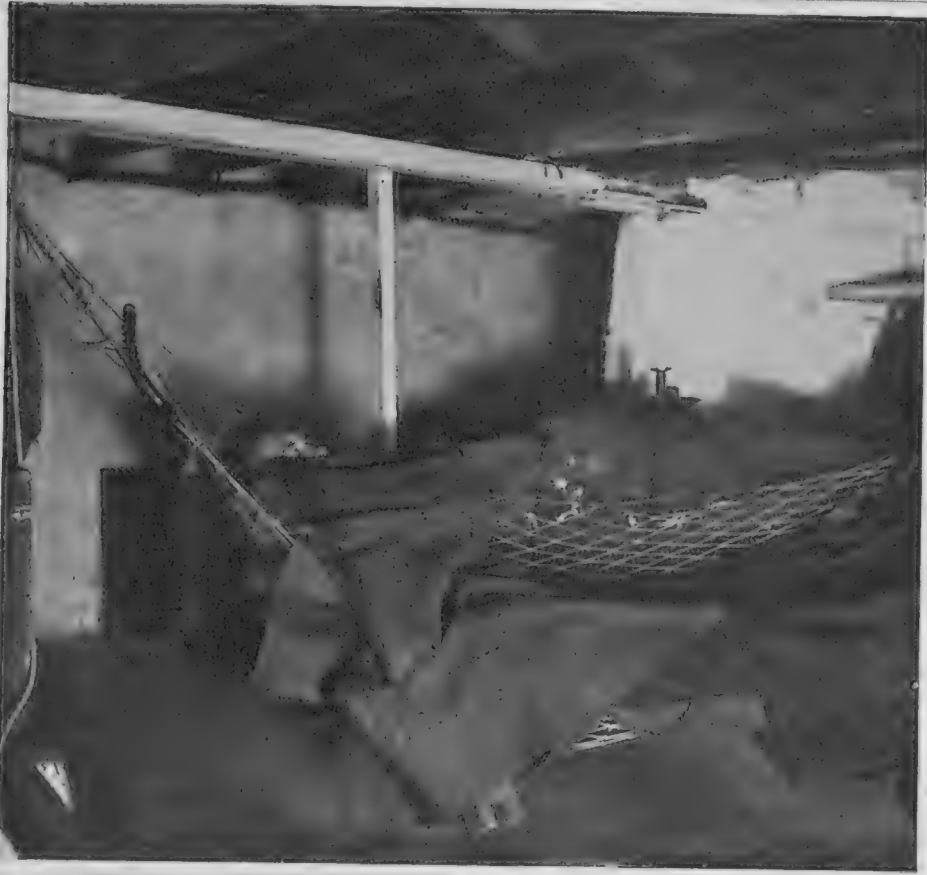
SIT IN THE CELLAR IF YOU WOULD REST YOUR  
CONFIDENCE ON CONCRETE FOUNDATIONS.

THE GERMAN AIRSHIP NIGHTMARE AND SOME HOME - OPATHIC REMEDIES :

Many worthy people in this country are suffering from the Zeppelin nightmare in a more or less acute form. We offer here a few practical precautions which might be adopted by nervous householders who want to be able to sleep securely in their little beds. The photographs speak for themselves. With regard to No. 7, we may add that it shows a comfortable little sitting-room carved out of the solid rock near Birmingham. It has



## HOW TO GET IN AND GET UNDER!



IF YOU WANT TO FEEL STILL MORE SECURE FROM ZEPPELIN DOMES,  
YOU CAN SLING A HAMMOCK IN THE CELLAR.



SI VIS PACEM, PARA BELLUM! THERE IS NOTHING  
LIKE A BOMB-PROOF ROOF.



BIRMINGHAM CAVE-DWELLERS WHO COULD PLAY "HOME,  
SWEET HOME" TO A ZEPPELIN ACCOMPANIMENT.



AND IF YOU WANT TO GIVE COUNT ZEPPELIN A BIT OF HIS OWN BACK,  
THIS IS THE WAY TO DO IT.

## ANTI-ZEPPELIN TABLOIDS FOR PALE AND SLEEPLESS HOUSEHOLDERS.

been inhabited, we understand, for hundreds of years, and its fortunate occupiers may regard the coming of the Zeppelins with perfect equanimity. Those of us who are not so lucky as to possess such a subterranean stronghold must do the best we can with the aid of sacks and the soil of the back garden.—[Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.]





## CAPTAIN KARL VON MÜLLER.

IT has been stated here and there in the papers that the Captain of the *Emden* was lately the German Naval Attaché in London.

If that were true, London would know him well enough; but, as a matter of fact, the Commander von Müller who makes a deceptive appearance without an initial in "Whitaker," and who lived in Ashley Place until a few months ago, is not the Commander von Müller for whom the Allied warships have been searching ever since. Commander Erich von Müller returned to Berlin with Prince Lichnowsky; at the same time, Commander Karl von Müller left Kaio-Chau Bay (an escape that was in itself a cunning piece of seamanship) and took to the high seas.

The King's  
Guest—the First  
Time!

Never-  
theless,  
London  
does

know something of the right von Müller, and I am able to set down a few facts and impressions given me by a mutual friend. For eleven days, in the year 1911, the Captain, as the guest of the King, did London up and down. With his chief, Vice-Admiral Coerper, and two representatives of the Russian Navy, Vice-Admiral Wiren and Captain Plançon, he was installed at the Hôtel Rembrandt, opposite the Victoria and Albert Museum. He seems to have accepted the formalities of a Coronation with perfect resignation, and even with zest. Only once, it seems, did he break away, and that was when he missed an official crush in Belgrave Square through lingering too long in an American bowling-alley not far from Piccadilly Circus. Of his prowess at games there are many legends, but the most picturesque, perhaps, is that recorded by Mr. Fred Jane. It seems von Müller was one of several German officers entertained by our men a few years back at Portsmouth. The visitors were motored round, and the rendezvous for one day's expedition turned out to be a village pub. When it started raining, the party ordered beer in pint-pots and played the only game available—a thing of indiarubber rings and a board of hooks. The hooks were called merchant ships, and von Müller captured more than did anybody else. Two shillings and twopence of English money was handed over to the Germans on penny wins!

The Lady of the  
"Kabinga."

"Merchant-ships" is not the only game that German and English officers have played together: there is the camaraderie between them that makes all games go well. Only a short while before the war the officers of the *Goeben* were learning aquatic tricks and rag-time music from English officers stationed at Malta; and when the *Goeben* left she borrowed the rag-time music! Captain von Müller is typical of the most agreeable class of naval man, and he has

contrived to play the game to the end. He has the manner of one who is always looking for the sporting chance, and who enjoys the day's work because it seldom fails to offer such chances to the expectant. But even the sport of finding ships, of exchanging courtesies with their commanders, and of then quietly sending them to the bottom lost its relish unless it provided a further opening. Such an opening came when he seized the *Kabinga*, and, finding that the captain's wife was aboard, varied his line of conduct. He could not, he said, send off a woman in an open boat. The *Kabinga* was released.

Müller or Miller. Taller  
than

most seafaring men (he has as many inches as a Grenadier), he has the keen features that one associates with the young men of our own Navy rather than with the more comfortable-looking personnel of the German Fleet. His English, too, is almost perfect; but both in looks and speech there is abundance of that mysterious but persistent quality we call nationality. There is no mistaking the Captain. It was, I believe, suggested in the heyday of his marauding career that so able a sailor must be of British descent, that he was probably some strayed Miller of Dec— or Deal. But the Captain is German through and through, as he would be at some pains to explain to you if you seriously questioned him.

Practice. He was, as chance had it, born at Blankenberghe, not far from Ostend and lately the scene of fierce fighting. For several years engaged on the German Board of Marine, he had for his first command a torpedo-boat attached to a division stationed near the Kiel Canal. Two years ago he was given the *Emden*, and his adventures started. During a rising on the Yangtse, it fell to the lot of his ship to silence the guns of several Chinese forts occupied by rebels. The presence of German merchantmen made it necessary to do the work swiftly and effectively, and the *Emden* proving herself thoroughly

efficient, her commander received the Order of the Crown of the Third Class.

"I am It." In those days his business was to protect the merchantmen. He has probably found the other line of business more exciting—indeed, it is obvious that he has enjoyed himself. To various captive captains he was perfectly frank, over cigars and a whisky-and-soda in his cabin, about his difficulties and ambitions. "You are too free over the wireless," he told one Englishman; "you use no code, and you don't detect my accent on your receiver." He did many things with his wireless. "Have you seen the *Emden*?" was a message picked up by one of his victims. "No; have you?" she answered, only to get the reply, "I am it."



ONE GERMAN WHO HAS "FOUGHT LIKE A GENTLEMAN": CAPTAIN KARL VON MÜLLER, OF THE "EMDEN," THE DE WET OF THE GERMAN NAVY.

As Lord Charles Beresford said the other day, the Captain of the "Emden" has "fought like a gentleman," and everyone was glad to hear that he was saved when his ship was destroyed, and that he and his officers had been allowed to retain their swords. He treated the officers and crews of his prizes with courtesy, and refrained from sinking a ship when he found that the Captain's wife was on board. He also showed a sense of humour.

Photograph by Swaine.

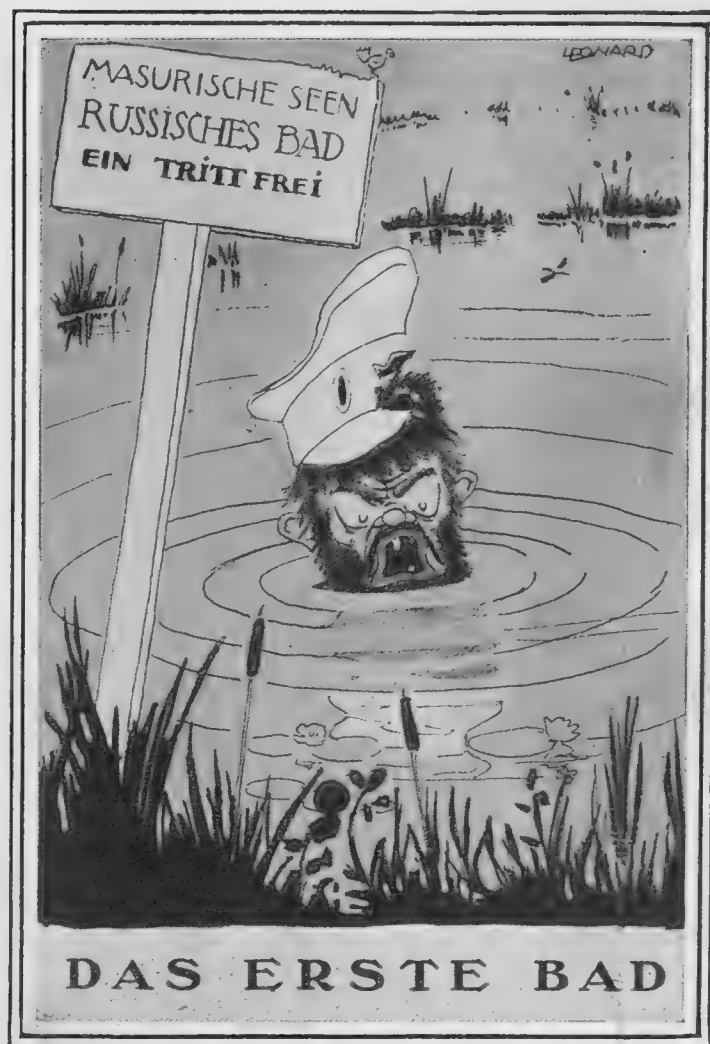


# WAR SIDE - LIGHTS : CARICATURES AND CHARACTERS.



AS OUR ENEMIES SEE US : "THE ENGLISH MALADY"—A GERMAN CARICATURE WHOSE POINT HAS BEEN RATHER BLUNTED.

The caricature on the right is called "The First Bath," and the notice-board represented in it bears the words, "Masurian Lakes. Russian Bath. A Free Dip." According to official news from Petrograd on the 10th, the second bath would seem



A POSITION SOMEWHAT REVERSED BY RECENT EVENTS : RUSSIA'S FREE DIP IN THE MASURIAN LAKES—A GERMAN CARICATURE.

to have been enjoyed by the Germans. "In East Prussia," says the Russian report, "the right wing of the enemy . . . has been pressed back to the Masurian Lakes."



THE GERMAN SPY RECENTLY SHOT AT THE TOWER : THE LATE CARL LODY (ON THE LEFT) AS A TOURIST GUIDE, AT BERGEN.

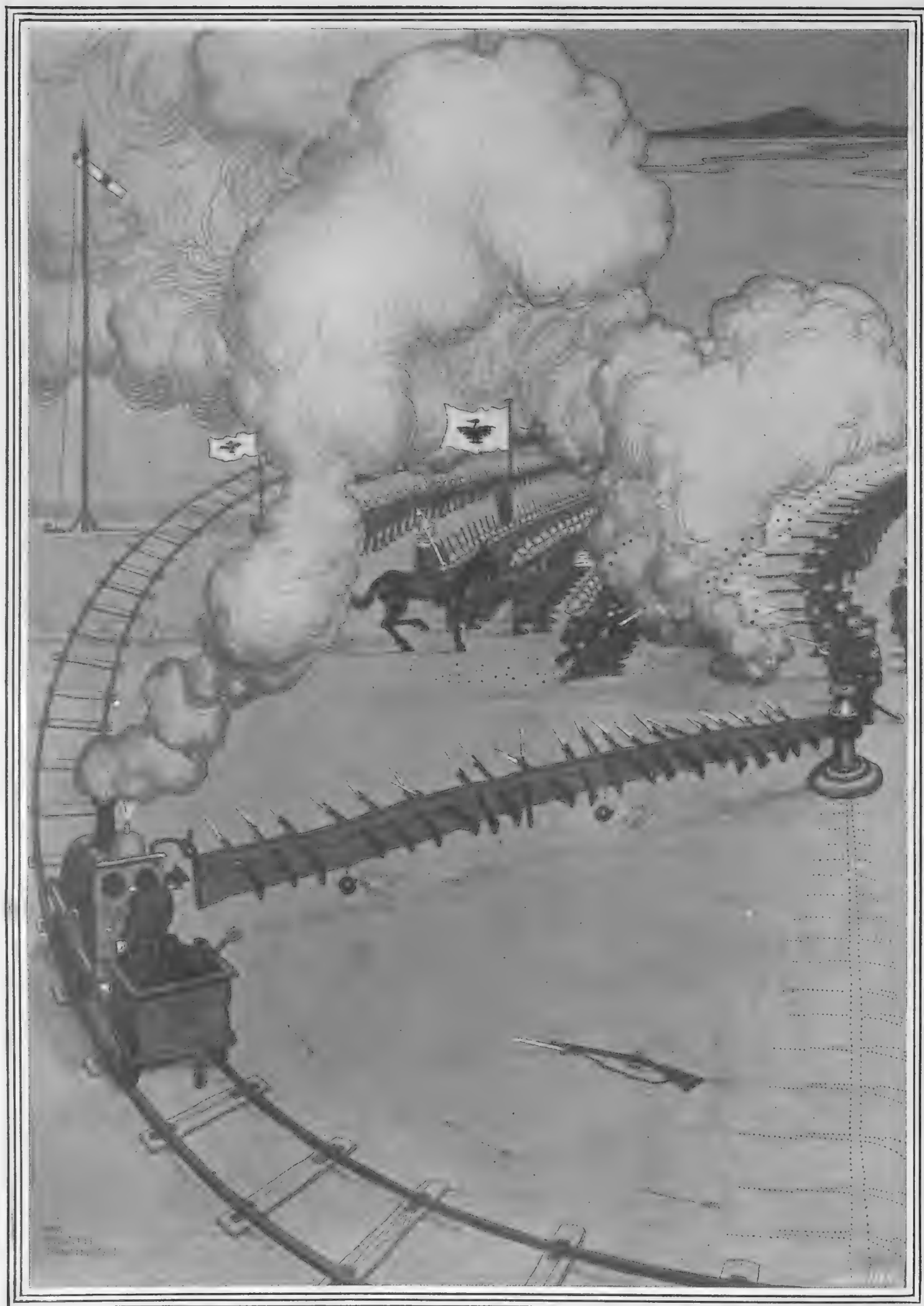
The German spy, Carl Hans Lody, recently shot at the Tower, was at one time a guide of the Travel Bureau attached to the Hamburg-Amerika Line, and used to convoy parties of American tourists. He himself posed as one in this country, speaking English with an American accent. Our photograph was taken at a station at Bergen,



EDINBURGH'S "DANDY NINTH" AND THEIR ATHLETIC C.O. : COLONEL A. S. BLAIR (ON THE RIGHT), OF THE 9TH BATT., ROYAL SCOTS.

in Norway.—The 9th Battalion Royal Scots are known in Edinburgh as "the dandy Ninth." Colonel A. S. Blair, the Commanding Officer, is an old Lorettonian and an ex-Oxford and Scottish Rugby football-player. The photograph was taken at an *al fresco* lunch on a route march.—[Photos. by Record Press and A. Yorick McGill.]



**Kultur.**

THE NEW OUT-FLANKING MACHINE FOR TURNING MOVEMENTS.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



## ANCIENT AND MODERN: WAR MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS.



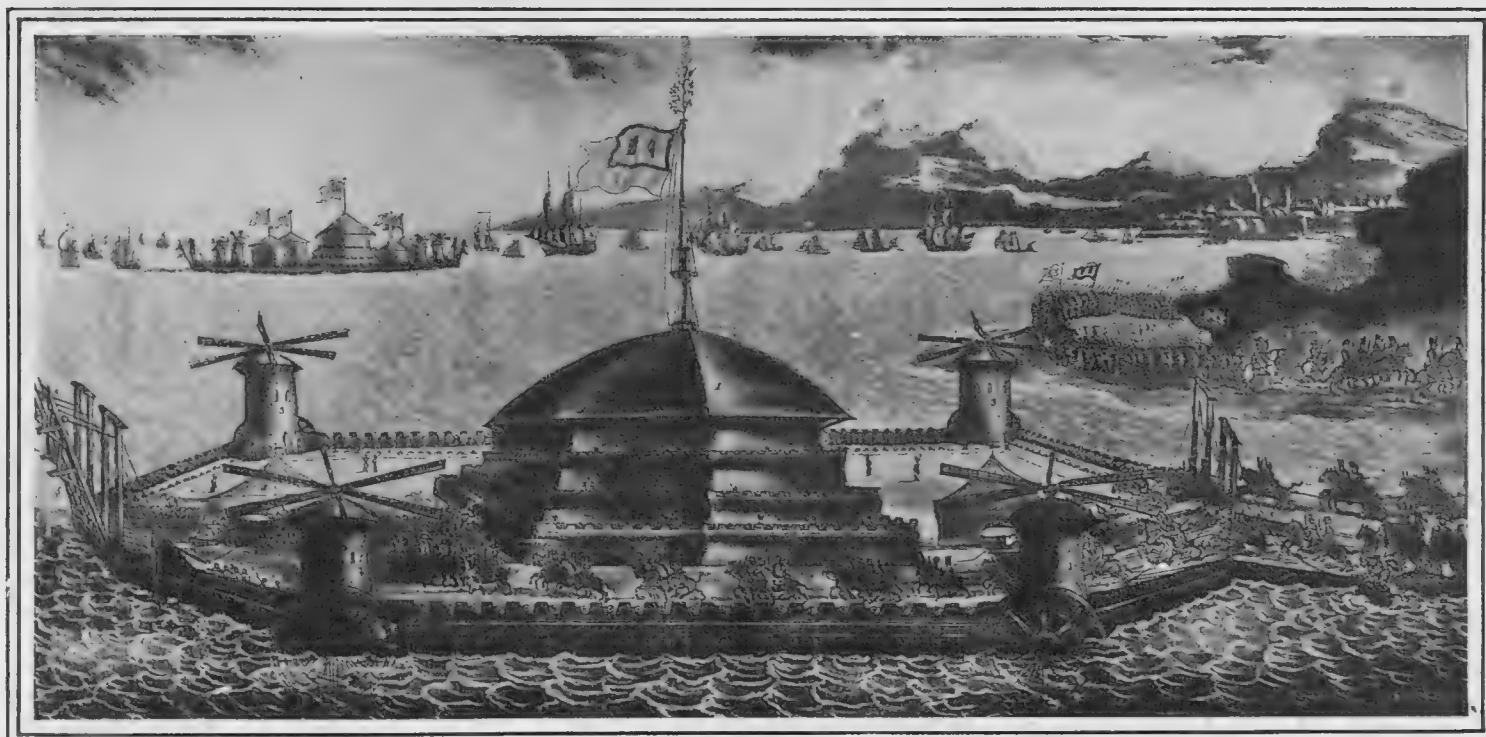
MEN WHO DON'T SUFFER FROM COLD-  
FEET! CANADIANS MUD-LARKING ON  
SALISBURY PLAIN.



FAMOUS POLO-PLAYERS KILLED OR WOUNDED: THE  
WHOLE OF THE 12TH LANCERS' TEAM IN THE CASUALTY  
LISTS.



"FIRST AID" TO THE HEAD: GALLANT  
BENGAL LANCERS: DONNING THEIR TUR-  
BANS.



A SUGGESTION TO THE KAISER FOR THE INVASION OF ENGLAND: A FRENCH RAFT DESIGNED FOR A SIMILAR PURPOSE IN 1799.



THE BLUE CROSS CORPS: THE FIRST UNIT TO GO TO FRANCE TO LOOK  
AFTER WOUNDED HORSES.



A VERY GOOD PATIENT: THE BLUE CROSS MEN'S LAST BANDAGE  
PRACTICE BEFORE STARTING FOR THE FRONT.

The whole of the 12th Lancers' polo team has figured in the casualty lists. From left to right in our photograph are: Captain T. R. Badger (wounded), Lieut. R. S. W. R. Wyndham-Quin (wounded), Lieut. B. G. Nicholas (wounded), and Lieut. E. Hubert Leatham, who was killed in action near Ypres on Oct. 31.—Illustration No. 4 shows an interesting engraving in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Its title states that it shows "a French raft, as seen afloat at St. Maloes in February 1798. This machine is

600 feet long and 300 broad, mounts 500 pieces of cannon, and is to convey 15,000 troops, etc., for the invasion of England." The central structure is "the general citadel, bomb-proof." At each corner are "windmills with horizontal sails to turn water-wheels to navigate the raft.—The Blue Cross Corps is founding ten horse-hospitals in the French lines. It is run by voluntary contributions, which may be sent to the Corps at Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

Photographs by Topical, Sport and General, and Clarke and Hyde.





THE King and Queen have further personal losses to deplore. Colonel Frederic Walter Kerr, whose death was reported earlier in the month, was a Page of Honour from 1879 to 1883; Lieutenant Rosdew Burn, grandson and heir of Lord and Lady Leith of Fyvie, was a son of the Hon. Mrs. Burn, and of an old associate of Royalty; the death of Sir Harry Legge's son is, naturally, a great grief at Court. Queen Alexandra, also, is losing many friends. She was represented at the funeral of Lord John Cavendish, and (apart altogether from the war) was much grieved by the death of the Duke of Buccleuch. On a wreath she wrote: "To my dear old and valued friend the Duke of Buccleuch, in death reunited to his beloved wife. Now comes peace."

*A Bullet and a Baby.* A few weeks ago the Countess of Dalhousie gave birth to a son; last week she heard that Lord Dalhousie had been wounded. Such news, at such a time, is almost a relief; it puts at rest the inevitable dread that the worst will happen. What, one wonders, were the omens at Colstoun, where the famous pear which enshrines the family luck is preserved? It is a wizard's pear of prosperity, and, if the household records are to be believed, the mere dream of a bride that she had eaten it brought a series of disasters on herself and her family.

*His Only Chance of a Shot.* "The Duke of Westminster left yesterday for the Continent," runs the announcement in the social column, as if by force of habit. It would be difficult to say how many times such an announcement appears in an average year, and the war is responsible for no putting off. On this last return from the front his Grace was particularly busy at the War Office, but managed to visit Eaton (in the interests of Belgian guests), to dine at the Ritz, and to get through various items of personal business. But a record in energy belongs to another bearer of despatches (a relative, this time, of a member of the Cabinet) who was home for thirty-six hours, and spent five of them shooting pheasants.

#### Gallant Letters.

At the beginning of the war, and at a time of peculiar stress, General Allenby wrote a long letter of condolence to a lady whose son he had seen die. One marvelled at the General's ability and kindness, and thought of them as exceptional. Since then he has written other letters of the



THE CAPTAIN OF THE SHIP WHICH FORCED THE "EMDEN" TO FIGHT: CAPTAIN JOHN C. T. GLOSSOP, OF H.M.A.S. "SYDNEY."

The "Emden," under its skilful and manly commander, Captain von Müller, had become something of a sea bogey, and the "Sydney" is to be thanked for "laying" it.

Photograph by Lafayette.



THE CAPTAIN WHO BOTTLED UP THE "KÖNIGSBERG"; CAPTAIN SIDNEY R. DRURY-LOWE, OF H.M.S. "CHATHAM."

After the anxiety caused by the raids of the "Emden," the news of the success of the "Chatham" in rendering the "Königsberg" hors de combat was very welcome.

Photograph by Swaine.



A KEEN FOLLOWER OF IRISH HUNTS WOUNDED: LIEUT. RICHARD SOUTHWELL WINDHAM ROBERT WYNDHAM-QUIN. Lieut. R. S. W. R. Wyndham-Quin, of the 12th Lancers, well known with various Irish hunts, who has been serving at the front, is reported wounded. He is the eldest son of Colonel Henry Windham Wyndham-Quin, D.S.O., heir-presumptive to the Earl of Dunraven and Mount-Earl.—[Photograph by Poole.]



ENGAGED TO LIEUT. ARTHUR WARDEN BAKER: MISS JESSIE TAYLOR.

Miss Taylor is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, of Barnes Place, near Tonbridge. Mr. Baker, Royal Scots Fusiliers, is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Baker, of Constantinople.

Photograph by Swaine.



ENGAGED TO MR. LESLIE GRAHAM WORMALD: MISS AMY MARGARET HORSEY.

Miss Horsey is eldest daughter of the late Dr. Edward Henry Horsey, M.P., of North Grey, Ontario, and Mrs. Horsey, Alexandra Court, Queen's Gate. Mr. Wormald is son of Mr. John Wormald, of North Stoke, Oxon, and Mrs. Wormald.

Photograph by Swaine.



ENGAGED TO CAPT. WILFRID I. MAUNSELL, SCOTTISH RIFLES: MISS IDA V. ISABELLE UDAL.

Miss Udall is daughter of the late Chief Justice of Antigua, and of Mrs. Udall. Captain Maunsell, of the Scottish Rifles, is the youngest son of Surgeon-General T. Maunsell, C.B.

Photograph by Swaine.

same sort; but so, too, has every senior officer at the front. Only the other day Mrs. Levita received a wonderfully comforting message of several pages from Major Philip Howell, in which she learned of the gallant manner of her son's death. The comfort of such letters is incalculable to those at home: the marvel of them is that soldiers in the battle remember the needs of bereaved relatives in England and find time to frame their condolences in such comforting and noble terms.

#### The Excellent "W.O."

Although the War Office has no opportunity of offering personal consolation (such as is found in the letters of commanding officers) to the relatives of fallen soldiers, it performs its painful duties with all possible consideration. Indeed, it acts with much more than mere official deference and punctuality: it acts with real sympathy and sensibility. A few weeks ago an officer was killed, and the usual telegram despatched from Whitehall. The bereaved parents had another son at the front, and they lived, from that day, in dread of a second telegram. It never came, though it might have done! When the second son was killed, the War Office, thoughtful of the shock that the news would entail, elected to telephone instead of wiring. It is interesting to note, too, that the official chose to speak to the mother rather than the father, and in terms that did much to lighten her burden.

#### The Scene at Guy's.

Guy's Hospital, where Lady Diana Manners is learning the art of bandaging, provides abundant opportunities. The object-lessons, stretched out in neat beds, are at hand; one ward alone contains thirty-two officers. The first impression in such a company is that the wounded soldier is generally better-looking than his more fortunate brother, for the reason that a swathing of white is a good deal more becoming than khaki. The second is the expression of extraordinary content on the faces of the wives or sisters who sit knitting beside their invalids all through the visitors' hours.

#### Bar or Blouses.

The lady at the bar is not, it seems, alone in extravagance. Her wealthier sister, a family solicitor tells me, finds that relaxation and distraction from the anxieties of war-time are provided by the spending of money. This does not mean that she subscribes to a multitude of funds, but only that she wanders out, and buys—blouses.



## WIFE OF A NOBLE AND MISSING R.N.V.R. AIRMAN.



COUNTESS ANNESLEY, WHOSE HUSBAND, EARL ANNESLEY, OF THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS, STARTED A FLIGHT FROM ENGLAND TO "ABROAD" LAST WEEK, AND "MAY HAVE BEEN LOST."

Lord Annesley, the sixth Earl, who obtained a commission as Sub-Lieutenant in the R.F.C. at the beginning of the war, left England on a flight on Thursday, Nov. 5, and on the 11th there was no news of him. It was then feared that the machine might have been lost or have fallen in the German lines. Lord Annesley, who was

very popular with the Naval Wing, had been on a few days' leave to visit his home at Castlewellan. He was on service as observer. He married, in 1909, Evelyn Hester, daughter of Mr. A. E. Miller Mundy, of Shipley Hall, Derby. The many friends of Lady Annesley still hope for a happy ending to her time of inevitable anxiety.

*Photograph by Swaine.*





## CAMP-CALLING—FRIVOLLING WITH THE FRONTIERSMEN. BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

*Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."*

LAST Sunday I went to Southampton, on a visit to the vividest, the wildest, the most picturesque of the warriors still in this island—the Frontiersmen. The journey was a joyful orgy of gorgeousness on that Indian Summer Sunday. We all of us have at times an ungrateful regret for the things that were before we were, but there is one splendid sensation our ancestors never tasted—speed. They never knew the voluptuous separation of soul and body, as it would seem, when speed projects us forwards in a sort of senseless frenzy, faster and faster, throwing us through the rutilant road, faster and faster through the flamboyant forests—so fast that the vault-like tunnels are like half-seconds of black oblivion, so fast that the heaps of blue-grey stones on the roadside look like banks of blue-bells, so fast that the landscape seems to receive you in a sort of suicidal *flan* as the car dives into the unknown. Oh, the splendour of speed that makes of all things fugitive phantoms while you sit quite still in the utter abandonment of self, drunk with the perverse smells of mossy undergrowth, and at the back of your brain the vague waiting for the delicious dash against something! That the delicious dash is death means nothing to you—in truth, motion is magic.

Round the "Devil's Punch Bowl," where the haze hovers like smoke, then Winchester, then the hesitating zig-zag through homely hamlets hatted of straw and squatting snugly, then the ugly approach of town, the slow-pulsed heart of Southampton, then Swaythling Farm, where the Legion of Frontiersmen has pitched its tents.

They gave us a warm welcome, those fierce Frontiersmen—I say fierce, for they have been described as the "toughest stuff" that ever wore a uniform, but they somehow succeeded in hiding their terrible side, for gentlemen of more suave and courteous manners never lived in a camp. They are striking in the extreme, with their strong faces, mighty muscles, and manly mien, their big hats, their black tunics or khaki shirts; and their sense of humour takes a neat turn, as you will see by the following extract from the *Frontiersmen Gazette*, a skit on their supposed red-hot reputation. This leaf (there is no need for them to turn a new one, for this must be read with a large ladleful of salt), this leaf shows how well the Frontiersmen possess the rare art of self-deriding, and how to tell, not a story, but *stories*—very big ones at that—against themselves—

### THE LEGION OF FRONTIERSMEN.

Bandits, Limited.

(A correspondent suggests hiring Frontiersmen out to other Governments as mercenaries.)

The Bandits Association, Limited, beg to announce to the nobility and gentry that they have made

arrangements to supply spies, scouts, pirates, blockade-runners, assassins, press gangs, tax-extorters, rebels, and agitators of all descriptions on reasonable terms and at the shortest notice.

Revolutions promoted or suppressed.

Holy wars conducted cleanly and cheaply.

Tribes of all sorts exterminated. (Great care should be taken to mark accurately on the map the nation to be extinguished and its political opinions, as mistakes may be disastrous to neighbouring peaceful peoples and cannot afterwards be rectified.)

We are known as the Whiteleys of the Diplomatic World. Bandits, Limited, undertakes the organising of political processions, cheering crowds, sullen malcontents (state clearly the grievance to be protested against), maddened victims, by the day or hour; brave-men-dying-in-the-last-ditch, for photographic purposes; passive resisters and professional emigrants. Mutinies arranged in strict confidence.

Clean, sober bandits, forwarded per return (with references to a Clergyman).

MARITIME DEPARTMENT.—Job lots of sailors kept always on hand (we are doing a great deal in this line this season). Invasions, sovereigns abducted, hidden-treasure work, scuttling, navies blown up, piracies (under the personal direction of well-known buccaneers).

### TESTIMONIALS.

"Five years ago I used your Frontiersmen; since then I have used no other."—RAISULI (Morocco).  
"Cut-Throats."—SULTAN OF TURKEY.

All Frontiersmen are sent at employers' risk.

Hand-book may be obtained from armed outlaw at the door.—HILL ROWAN.

I need not point out, amiable readers, that the rumours about the ferociousness of Frontiersmen is jocular gossip—not Gospel!

One of the "Armed Outlaws" at the gate, who happened to be the bold Captain, giver of this pleasant prospectus, showed us all over the camp, a lovely land feathered with flaming trees, from the pastures where a herd of black sheep were grazing ("as a symbol and a warning," said he), to the huts in the process of erection, the horses—

the taming and care of which are the principal duties of the Frontiersmen—and the hospital-tent—so far, thank God, empty. And all the while he was answering our questions with good-humour and keen humour. He revealed himself, that Captain, in the course of conversation, as a collector of calamities. During the South African campaign he had been shot in the temple, the ear, the hip, and the shoulder-blade, and twice in the neck, while debris of lead injured his eye. Was he down-hearted? No. A miracle for medical men to marvel at.

A capital chap, that Captain Courageous, and the whole Legion likewise.



A MEMBER OF THE FLYING AMBULANCE: MRS. WYNNE.

We have already referred to the extreme courage shown and the admirable work done, by Dr. Hector Munro's "Flying Ambulance" at the front. We now give a portrait of another of the women members of this daring and valuable organisation—Mrs. Wynne, who is doing her share of the work with devotion, never sparing herself or shirking danger when rescuing or helping the wounded is to be effected.

*Photo. by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.*

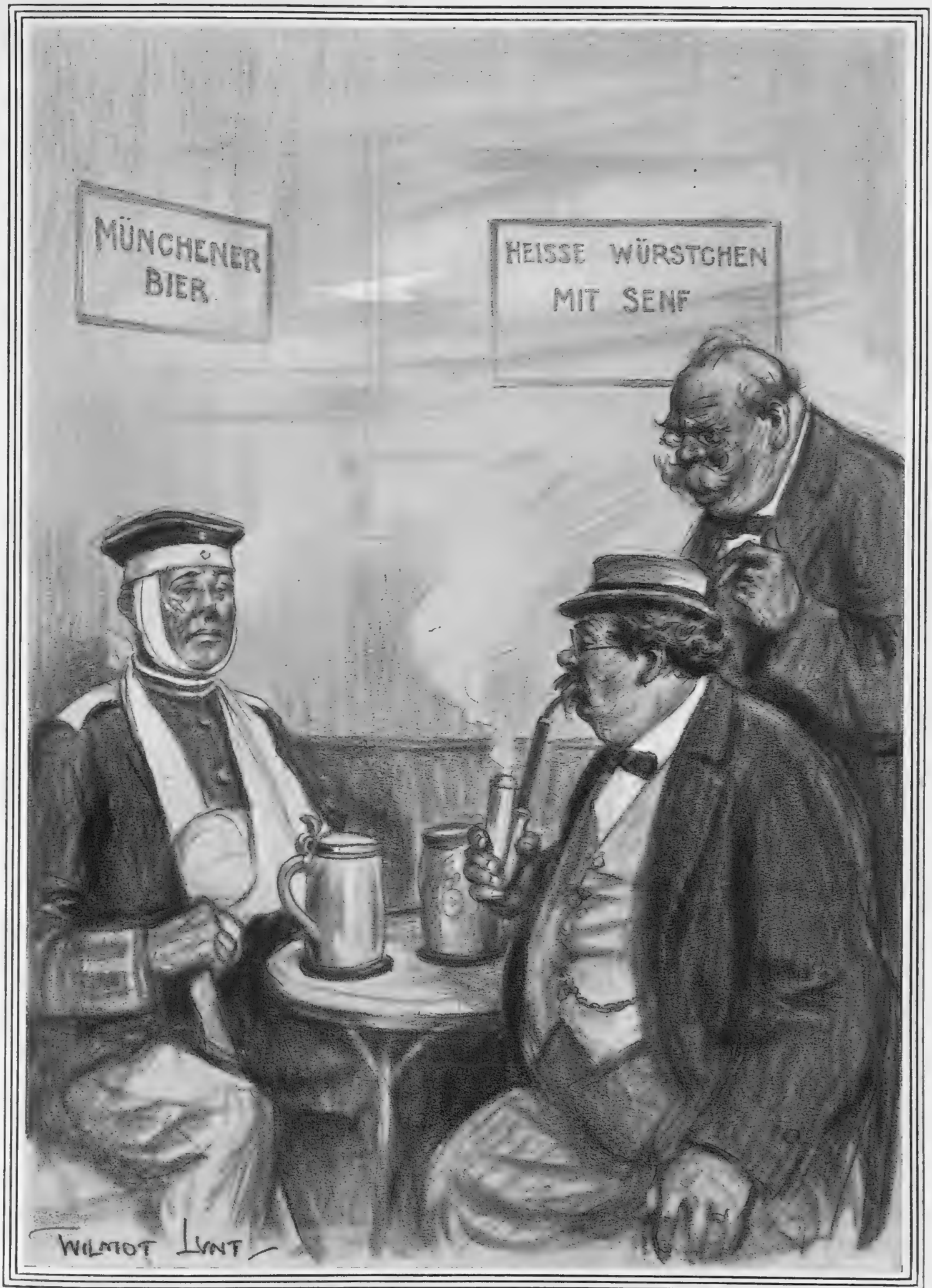


CLOTHING AND FEEDING REFUGEES: LADY EILEEN WELLESLEY, DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON (X).

Very kindly was the thought which led to the organisation of the Clothing and Food Department of the War Refugees Committee, and Lady Eileen Wellesley, the second daughter of the Duke of Wellington, has devoted herself to the charge of it with characteristic thoroughness. With her lady helpers, Lady Eileen distributes food and clothing with discrimination, and the Department is doing very useful service. Our illustration shows Lady Eileen and her aides at work, at 23, Warwick Square, S.W., a little girl-refugee being fitted with a pinafore, while other refugees are waiting their turn to have their necessities supplied.—[Photograph by Record Press.]



DESTINATION UNKNOWN.



PROFESSOR VON KULTURMANN: And is General von Schloppeschultz out of danger?

THE GERMAN SOLDIER: I don't know. He was only killed yesterday.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.





## A Novel in a Nutshell

## THE IMPREGNABLE POSITION.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

THE long, shrill screaming of the rifle fire that had made of the trenches a lesser Hades for the past three hours waned and went out; the hose-pipe jettings of the mitrailleuse dribbled, hiccupped, and died to nothing; the riflemen and the gunners reared cautious heads above the crest of the loam parapet to look curiously at the dead they had slain. Behind these men in the advanced trenches the regular and jarring smacks of the field-guns in their emplacements gave place to the sullen and muffled thuddings of the long Garrison Artillery guns and the snub-nosed howitzers, as, from well behind the position, they pursued their monotonous job of harrying the retirement. Already the men in the trenches were taking things "easy," and trying to borrow cigarettes from the millionaires who possessed a supply. The day's work was over. The attack had again failed.

The Staff Officers of the fire-control left their bomb-proof case-mates to stretch their limbs in the powder-reeking air. Through their field-glasses they flung long and appraising glances across the giant scheme of the field fortifications at the enemy's tangled and multitudinous dead. Field-glasses were necessary for this examination. The nearest dead were six hundred yards away, just where the tormented tract of the abatis gave way to the infernal mesh of the wire entanglements. Their glasses showed them the appalling result of their rifle and gun fire. The intricate tangle of branches that made the abatis was choked and rendered useless by the heaped slain.

"How they can stand it, God alone knows," sighed a fat and rather sentimental officer, who seemed to have got into the Staff in the mistaken idea that he had got into a club. "They're losing their chaps in a wholesale way. Positively wholesale—wholesale butchering, y'know. I feel like the foreman of an abattoir."

"Five thousand dead down there, if there's a man," said the young officer just out from the Academy. He rather liked things on a wholesale scale. It gave him a sense of importance. He felt that he was the man who had done it all. He was twenty-three, and twenty-three thinks like this. "They have got it in the neck this time. I wonder when they will get tired of the job—seems pretty hopeless, what?"

The little group of officers looked down at the great line of field works, and as they looked they felt that if the young officer had only been as old as themselves they would have agreed that he was right. The field works stretched out before them in huge, resolute, and intimidating lines, as though they had been wrought by the hands of giants. Below them, in a man-made hollow, were the field-guns, cunningly screened, cunningly hidden; they could fire all day at an enemy without being found out and hit. Beyond the guns the steep hill went in a breathless sweep down into the valley, and on this sweep the defending lines had been cut—cut so cleverly that an enemy at a distance would not be able to tell what was the work of nature and what was the work of military engineers. Nearest them were the little lozenges of trenches, lined all along the front that held and screened the viperish mitrailleuse. These trenches were so sunk in the hillside that the nozzles of the quick-firers practically rested on the slope; about each trench, too, there was an outcrop of coarse grass and bush that hid them completely; from them death could be turned on at the tap, and the jet of it could sweep down over the heads of the infantry in an unimpeded spate. Twenty or thirty yards beyond, and below the quick-firers, were the trenches of the infantry.

These were as elaborate and as beautifully intricate as a maze. Zig-zag trenches, along which the men could walk without being hit, led to the main lines of firing works. And these works were built with all the perfection in detail that goes to the construction of a house. The firing trenches had also been cut out of the hillside so that the top of the parapet was practically flush with the slope. The excavations behind the trench were so deep that troops could move about upright without fear of death by rifle fire. Under the broad firing platform bomb-proofs had been dug for the men, and fitted out with all the comfort of huts. The floors of the bomb-proofs as well as the floors of the platforms had been cemented, so that, while the attackers fired from trenches waist-deep in mud and water, the defenders went reasonably dry. Above the trenches were roofs of corrugated iron covered with earth and grass-sods, and sometimes bushes, so that not only did they protect the firing line from shrapnel splinters, but, under the pretence of being mere hillside, hid the trenches from the attackers. The parapet of these trenches sloped with the hill for about nine feet, then the hill was cut sharply again with a deep ditch; this ditch had not only perpendicular sides, but the bottom was filled with sharp stakes and

a seven-foot palisade of pointed posts. An immense flat slope swung downward to the valley after this: a deceptive slope, innocent to look at, clear of all vegetation—and mined every few feet by high explosive that would flare off to heaven at the slightest footfall over it. At the foot of this glacis was a thin stream, also mined; beyond the stream a mesh of barbed wire entanglements which possessed the added charm of an electric current running through many of its strands; beyond the wire were close-set *trous-du-loup*—a thousand little pits, each with a sharp stake at the bottom of it. Beyond even these was the abatis—tree-trunks pinned and buried in the earth, with all the branches thrusting outward for the confusion of the attackers. The whole of this elaborate scheme of defensive slaughter was ranged for effective rifle fire, and at any given point the riflemen, the mitrailleuse, and the guns, from their hiding, could let loose a hell torrent of death at its most effective trajectory. The attack could be exterminated at a given number of minutes by the spate of nickelled bullet and shrapnel that the field-fortifications poured down the slope. No wonder that the Staff officers, in spite of their superior years, had to agree that for the attack the situation was pretty hopeless.

"Absolutely hopeless," indeed said one of the officers. "This place is impregnable to ordinary assault: to attack it by ordinary assault is criminal. They'll not get near us for a thousand years."

"What else are they going to do, anyhow?" asked the sentimental officer. "They haven't any large guns to reduce us. They've just got to do what they can. I can't see—"

"They might go home," suggested youth. "They ought to know by now it's all U-P with them. It's just murder chucking their men away against a position like this. We're impregnable—we're absolutely impregnable. They ought to know that."

The Staff officers looked downward over the immeasurably strong fortifications to the piled-up dead upon the abatis, and the few little figures, curled like autumn leaves, hanging on the wire of the entanglements whose electric shock had killed them. As they looked they shook their heads. Youth was right. The case of the enemy was hopeless. Nothing in the realms of arms could hope to carry these impregnable lines.

At that moment the General Officer in command of the defending force was speaking over the telephone. He was speaking to a tree eleven miles to his rear. On that tree was the rather messy installation of a field telephone. Under the tree was the officer in command of a great army service train. He was listening to what the General was saying with every emotion of resignation lining his face. Commanders of service trains are inured to resignation. They have to do more work than anybody else and in a shorter space of time—and they are always accused of doing it too slowly. This commander was just being blamed. The General was asking why under heaven he was not now at the field-fortifications. The commander was answering, with what discipline he could manage under the trying circumstances, that unfortunately he had been born too late to reap the benefit of the age of miracles.

The General Officer spoke his mind tersely.

"Dammee, Sir, do you realise that you are putting my army—the whole of the defending line—in the greatest jeopardy? Your infernal column was due to be here yesterday. All our calculations were built upon its being here yesterday. And here's to-day, and you are wandering like a slug through a country absolutely free of the enemy. Man, don't you realise what it means?"

"I'm realising all right," said the commander acidly. "You might try a little realising yourself. You might realise what a two-day delay at the base means to me, what fifth-rate horses and tenth-rate motor-lorries can be expected to do over roads that your idiot heavy guns have left six inches deep in churned mud. You might realise that as a mere human creature I can't work miracles. I'm getting every ounce out of my groggy teams. I can't get more. If I tried to they'd break down. I'm sorry your men are going hungry, but—"

"Hungry!" burst the General. "Hungry!" He pulled himself together with a great effort. "Look here, Sir, you haven't grasped at all the meaning of all this. It's not FOOD I want—not FOOD, but ammunition! Do you grasp that—ammunition!"

"Hey?" rapped the commander.

"Ammunition, just grasp that. I have held this position on calculations that provided for a fresh supply of ammunition every second day. Yesterday was the second day. YOU have the ammunition, and you didn't arrive. Do you see what that means? It means that I am down to my last case. Just understand that, Sir. I'm here in an impregnable position—in the finest and

(Continued overleaf.)



DISMOUNTED CAVALRY IN ACTION.



THE CAVALRY INSTRUCTOR (*to nervous recruit*): Push 'er 'ead up, sonny! Push 'er 'ead up! That 'll stop 'er jumpin'.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.



strongest field works that have been built in military history. In the face of them no enemy on earth can beat me—can carry these works. I'm simply invincible—yet, if my enemy comes at me again, I've only enough shot and shell to fire at him for half an hour. I suppose even a 'Carter' can grasp what that means . . . an impregnable position held by men who haven't ammunition. It's a farce, Sir; and you are responsible for that farce."

"I'm doing my best," growled the commander. "I can't push my teams any more—they'd crack. And I'll certainly be in your lines in a little over the hour."

The General on the telephone groaned.

"Your best, man! You've got to do better than that! An hour!—I may not have lines or men for you in an hour. Hurry, man—hurry for the love of armies! I don't know when these beggars are coming back again—they seem to know something. If there was a hitch with you—"

"There won't be a hitch. I've got my train in hand, and the country's quite clear. I'll be with you in an hour."

"God help us! At the worst, I'll hold on for an hour. After that—"

The man on his belly amid the bushes lifted his head and looked steadily out between the leaves that entirely covered him. Down below him, on the high ground that led to a stream, two cavalrymen had appeared. The look on the face of this man amid the leaves showed that the coming of the cavalrymen had not been unexpected. At the same time, the man was excited. He drew deeply once or twice on his empty pipe (there was plenty of tobacco in his pocket, yet he did not smoke it), and his upper lip quivered for an instant. Then he controlled himself, and his face and body assumed the rigid alertness of a soldier preparing for action. It was a singular fact that though the man was dressed in the dirty clothes of a farm-hand, nobody would have mistaken him at this moment for anything else but a soldier. He had the soldierly alertness, just as the two men of the cavalry "point" down there on the river bank had a soldierly alertness. The man under the bushes rubbed his two hands together, as though removing from them all suspicion of moistness and grit, then he lifted up a well-leaved branch of a tree and lay bare a little instrument. He examined this with scrupulous care, fingering it delicately. Then he looked up again at the cavalrymen on the river bank.

The horsemen remained motionless for a while, searching the stream and the country beyond it with exacting glances. They seemed to be men never really satisfied, and though the country was but sparsely covered with trees and bushes, they seemed to be thoroughly agnostic as to its freedom from armies. Their glances rested on the little patch of bushes under which the man lay, but those glances passed over it quickly. The man smiled at that. Not for nothing had he chosen the meanest and the most obvious patch of bush on the countryside. He did not smile so readily when the cavalrymen began to pay careful attention to the little stream.

One of the horsemen picked a dainty way down to the river bank; at the edge of the water he stood peering about with analysing scrutiny. The road came right down to the water's edge here, so that it was obvious this place was a ford. It was, as a matter of fact, the only way of passing this swift river at that time. Here the stream cut a deep passage through the only soft earth in a rocky country; just here an outcrop of rock struck upward from the bed, and gave a practicable crossing over a ridge seven feet broad. At all other points along its course the current was so fierce and the channel so deep that passage was impossible. There were bridges—or rather, there had been bridges—across the river at certain places, but most of them were down and had not been repaired. Those that stood were well within range of the attackers' gun-fire. It was across this ford that the service train for the fortified field line must come. It was the only way. It was a fairly safe way too, for it was several miles behind the defenders' front, in a tract swept clean of the enemy. Still, though there was the very smallest chance of the enemy getting at this ford, the two cavalrymen who formed the advance point of the patrol that covered the front of the convoy were not taking risks. They examined every inch of the river bank, as they had examined every inch of the country before the stream. Also, as far as they could, they examined the surface of the water.

While they were at this job the officer commanding the patrol and the rest of the advance guard came over the high ground beyond the bank, and the examining process was gone through again with greater care. The commander of the train had impressed upon his men the urgency of the case. They knew full well that one slip on their part might mean the defeat and annihilation of the army in the fortified works. They had no very great fear of attack or mishap, but they were not going to take chances. They probed the bank with their avid attentions, until presently they were satisfied. Then all stood up looking at the river, as men look on the face of the inscrutable Sphinx. The officer spoke a few words, and one of the men turned his horse, went scrambling up the steep track, and disappeared from view. The man under the bushes smiled again. It was a smile of appreciation, for he recognised that the men of that patrol knew their business. It was also a smile of anxiety. The tension was telling on him. He was beginning to wonder, against his settled assurance, whether he would be found out, whether his task would fail.

In ten minutes the slow and cumbersome head of the great supply-train came groaning and heaving up to the hill beyond the river bank. It rolled on solidly, sullenly; the officer by the river put up his hand, and it stopped. There was another agonising wait, the sweat began to pour slowly from the brow of the man beneath the bushes. They seemed to be waiting eternities.

Abruptly, with dramatic suddenness, there came a burst of shouting from behind the high ground, a small tumult, then swinging over the crest of the rise swept a herd of terror-mad cattle. They came thundering by the head of the convoy, and the drowsy drivers on their perches lifted themselves to yell them on. Down the road to the river they came lowing and running, the cavalrymen by the water skipping out of the way. On into the water the cattle rushed, and the troopers behind them goaded them faster with loud shouts. The cattle went splashing frantically across the ford, and as they struck the water the cavalry did a singular thing. They stopped shouting, spurred rapidly to the top of the high ground, and took cover. From this cover they watched the cattle pass over the ford with keen anxiety. The man under the bushes smiled yet again. He knew why the cattle had been driven across before the convoy attempted to pass. If there had been any of the ordinary mines in the floor of the ford the pressure of the hoofs of the cattle would have at once exploded them. Those in command of the convoy knew their business. They had taken a precaution that proved to them that the ford was not mined, as they suspected it might be mined. That was why the man under the bushes was amused. Not for one moment had he considered the ford to be mined in the ordinary way.

As he smiled, the last of the cattle lifted out of the stream, shaking themselves and shouldering their way up the bank at a pace slowed and cooled by the passage of the water. The cavalry advance patrol came trotting from cover in a business-like and rather self-conscious way. Thanks to their care and foresight, their attitudes seemed to convey, they had proved the ford safe for the poor fools of the convoy following behind. They went trip-tripping across the river, climbed the near bank, went trotting along the road searching for more enemies to circumvent. The first wagon of the convoy heaved, jerked forwards, came rolling at its ponderous crawl down the steep bank, the drivers braking hard to keep the tail-board off the horses' haunches. As this great cart came on, the man under the bushes shifted.

He came up a little on his elbows, and his right hand crept forward until a finger touched a little vulcanite button on the machine he had previously uncovered. This machine was a queer thing, looking not unlike a toy. In spite of its having been carefully dulled, it was obvious that most of its parts were brass. Several coiled wires curled about it, and a pair of these wires ran from it several inches until they were buried in the earth. They went in the direction of the ford. The man under the bushes looked over them at the groaning wagon that had now lurched into the water and was making its uncouth way to the other bank. Right up against the tailboard of this wagon was a great motor-lorry. All the way down the slope, pushing forward against the brakes, rolled the fat string of bloated wagons that made up the service-train. The man under the bushes neglected the first cart; his eyes were on the two big lorries that followed, and his eyes were alight. He knew by the shape of the cases on these lorries what was in them, even if he could not see the ordnance stencil-marks on their sides. The shape of the cases said "Ammunition" to him, and he was glad. He let the first wagon reach the bank. He waited until the tail and the nose of the two lorries were about the middle of the stream. He sucked sharply and viciously at his empty pipe. The finger on the vulcanite button pressed—once.

With one huge roar the ford became a volcano. The river-bed gushed flame and water and dense black smoke. The cases on the lorries detonated with an appalling smash, blowing the convoy behind and near to them with wreckage, helping to gash the floor of the ford into deep and ugly pits. For a moment smoke curled and belled in thick, greasy masses over the river, the river foamed and fretted madly about the shattered carts. Then the smoke blew away, and the river rushed forward through the several new deep channels the explosion had torn. The commander of the train, arriving at that moment on the scene, found the river bank piled so high with the wreck of his convoy as to be impassable for hours, the river so cut and gashed by the detonation as to be unfordable for ever. He began to think of that army in impregnable fortifications that had only enough ammunition to fire for an hour.

Two miles nearer the attackers, a man stationed on a hill overlooking the ford had turned about. Standing against the darkness of trees, he began signalling to the attacking army; he used little flags that cracked and snapped as he waved his arms. In the army of attack a man that had been a ploughman, and not a good one at that, spelt out his message with a slow, stolid, uninspired burr.

"C-O-N-V-O . . . convoy. B-L-O-W-N-U-P . . . blown up. A-T-F-O-R-D-E-N-E-M-Y-S . . . S-U-P-P-L-I-E-S-Q-U-I-T-E . . . C-U-T-O-F-F. Convoy blown up at ford, enemy's supplies quite cut off."

A jubilant officer told the brave news to the Chief of Staff over the telephone.

Half-an-hour later the attack on the field-works was resumed.

THE END.



# LE MOT JUSTE.



A CAREFUL AND ECONOMICAL PERSON, MUCH GIVEN TO NICENESS OF EXPRESSION, TRYING TO DECIDE UPON WHICH ADJECTIVE TO RISK HIS BROWN.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



UNCLE: There! That's a special constable, Jack.

JACK: He doesn't look very special, does he? (Delight of S.P.C. X., who doesn't half fancy himself!)

DRAWN BY WILSON FENNING.





THE strong letter in the *Times* asking that the authorities should be more open in publishing the names of regiments that distinguish themselves at the front, and signed "Elizabeth Butler," is, of course, from the pen of the painter of "The Roll Call." Lady Butler makes her appeal as the widow of one



AN INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT: LADY ENID MALLET VAUGHAN AND SIR J. H. W. WILLIAMS-DRUMMOND, Bt.

Lady Enid Mallet Vaughan, whose engagement to Sir J. H. W. Williams-Drummond is announced, is sister of the seventh Earl of Lisburne, and was born in 1889. Sir J. H. W. Williams-Drummond, of Edwinstford, Llandilo, Carmarthenshire, is the fifth Baronet. He succeeded his father in 1913, and is an old Etonian and a County Councillor for Carmarthenshire.

Photographs by Lafayette.

soldier and the mother of another, and even as she wrote it she learned that her son, Captain Patrick Butler, had been wounded. Captain Butler himself can probably make a very shrewd guess as to the cause of the War Office's reticence concerning the units actively engaged. In his capacity as Staff Officer he heard many tales of the wiliness of the Germans in using regimental titles. They would even shout out that they were moving under Colonel So-and-So's orders if they happened to get wind of the identity of an officer in command.

#### The Where-is-it of Wounds.

Like Viscount Althorp and many other fellow-officers, Captain Butler, who is lying up at Guy's, is wounded in that most elaborate and sensitive portion of the anatomy, the knee. It happened on a day when shells were particularly thick; while rallying a body of men

who had lost all their officers, he felt himself hit in the forehead, and, a minute later, on the knee. The blood was running down his face, and the shock that sent him off his horse and for a moment seemed as if it would be fatal was, as far as he could gauge it, from the hit on the head. But the wounded man seldom makes an accurate diagnosis of his own case. The first hit was a mere scratch, and is already healed; the knee keeps him indefinitely in hospital.

#### Home at the Home Office.

Mr. McKenna's manner towards deputations of women is instinctively cold; with the best will in the world he cannot altogether lay aside the protective steeliness he adopted in times of persecution by the Militants. Last week he received a deputation of various women's societies in regard to the drink problem in London.

#### TO MARRY CAPTAIN G. MORTIMER: MISS ELSIE D. MONEY.

Miss Elsie D. Money, who is to marry, this month, Captain George Mortimer, of the Connaught Rangers, is the youngest daughter of the late Colonel R. E. K. Money, Bengal Staff Corps, and Mrs. Money, of Chislehurst.

Photograph by Bassano.

For once, it is said, the Home Secretary's manner relaxed. Among the women ushered into his room at the Home Office, and headed by the Duchess of Marlborough, was—Mrs. McKenna!

#### Sporting Losses.

The month is proving a hard one for sportsmen. Captain Crawshaw, killed on the 1st, was great in the saddle. He carried off one prize after another in the ring, and last year won the King George Challenge Cup at the

International Military Tournament, despite the Germans! The Hon. Francis Lambton, news of whose death also reached London at the beginning of the month, was becoming every year more notable as a Newmarket trainer. Every sort of owner, from Prince Kinsky, an enemy alien, to Mr. G. D. Smith, the millionaire bookseller of New York, had put horses into his capable hands. Among owners, the Hon. W. R. Wyndham, of White Knight fame, is a most regrettable loss.

#### The House of Mourning—and Rejoicing.

Let us not be too intent on the casualties: there are other lists of absorbing interest. So, at least, Lady Caledon must have thought when she found her third son entered in the last batch of names of men honoured with the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Mr. Harold Alexander, the officer in question, is a fine athlete, and holds the Irish mile running championship. The House of Lords, which sacrifices so many of its sons, must not be thought of only as a House of Mourning: it has its other honours. The Hon. Edward Hardinge, the Hon. Archibald Hewitt, and the Hon. George Boscawen all figure among the recent recipients of the Distinguished Service Order.

#### P.O.W., Torgau.

"Senior British Officer at Torgau" is the latest title to come the way of Colonel W. E. Gordon. He is using it to good purpose. Having prevailed upon the authorities to let him act as go-between, he has sent home sound advice as to the best way of saving the line of communication with prisoners of war in Germany. "Don't use the corners of your note-paper for after-thoughts"; "don't write 'shop'—i.e., war; "don't cross your writing"; and, above all, "don't use any trick, such as invisible ink, for conveying secret messages." The "don'ts" are reasonable enough, and Colonel Gordon lays stress on the fact that if they are disobeyed the privilege of receiving correspondence from England may be denied all officers at Torgau. — Colonel Gordon touches more difficult ground in his communication in regard to the revolver ammunition used by British officers in France. The merits of the case are still somewhat vague; but, strangely enough, it would seem as if all bullets ordinarily served out for revolver use are objectionable in so far as they are soft-nosed. In the eye of the ordinary soldier, accustomed to nickel-covered ammunition, the uncovered leaden bullet is open to suspicion. Such, Sir Ian Hamilton found, was the case in the Manchurian War, which, in other respects, was singularly free from suggestions of foul-play. A Japanese private



WIDOWED BY THE WAR MRS. HAYES-SADLER.

Mrs. Hayes-Sadler, who was only married in February, is deeply sympathised with by her many friends, as her husband, Captain E. J. B. Hayes-Sadler, of the 8th Gurkhas, has been killed in action at the front.—[Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.]



ENGAGED: MISS LORNA LARGE AND MR. PETER LAYE.

Miss Lorna Large, whose engagement is just announced, is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Northcote Large, of 2, Sloane Court, S.W. Mr. Peter Laye, her fiancé, is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Laye, of St. James's Court, Buckingham Gate, S.W.

Photographs by Sarony.

showed him revolver bullets found in the saddle-bag of a captured horse. If the Russian officer who owned them had been caught, Sir Ian was told, he would have been hanged.



THE RED CROSS AND THE WHITE FEATHER.



THE PATIENT: Lummy, not 'er Ladyship' again? Look 'ere, George! Be a sport. Go and tell the old duck I'm too bloomin' ill to be nussed to-day.

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.





BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**The Last Gesture.** In a house looking on a big London park there lives a very old woman who has retained much of the brilliant Irish beauty of her youth. If her hair is silver, her grey eyes are wide and deep, and they see wonderful and mystic things. Most of the day she lies on her pillows, muttering to herself those strange and cryptic phrases of which only babies and the very old have the secret. She is very detached, in these days, and most of the ties which bind us to life seem relaxed. Relations and friends—yes, even children—have lost their interest for her, and only intermittently does she mention their names. One of her sons is serving his country; the other is in peril on the sea, making a long journey home. I do not know if she realises either of these facts. If she busies herself at all, it is in packing up miscellaneous objects, because, as she explains, she is "going home." But once or twice a day this wonderful creature rouses herself. It is the moment when the troops in khaki, with their drum and fife, march by under her windows. And every day half-a-hundred caps go off and are waved to her as she salutes them with the Union Jack, to which is attached a tiny Belgian flag. It is the prettiest sight in the world: all the lads in khaki cheering and waving to a bunch of pink ribbons,



SEASONABLE "DEXTER" WEATHERPROOFS.

(See "Woman-About-Town.")

some antique lace, and a pair of old Irish eyes. "Quel beau geste!" is the last word of Rostand's play, "Cyrano de Bergerac," and one can repeat it here. It would seem as if, when human feelings fade and become vague, they are re-incarnated in the spirit of patriotism, of passionate love of one's country. I do not think that any of those men, when they come to fight, will easily forget that open window in the capital of the Empire and that last gesture of an aged hand.

#### Pity the Poor Czechs.

The hard case of the Czechs in England—and there are many of them—is one that might move even the official heart. Unwilling Austro-Hungarian subjects (I should hesitate to say whether they detest most Teuton or Magyar), they are ardently attached to Russia, and have long looked to that country to deliver them from the Austrian yoke which they loathe. Bohemia, in short, is the most western outpost of Slavdom, and its position—almost in the centre of Europe—bodes ill for the Empire of Franz-Josef when it breaks to pieces, as it must. Moreover, they are great admirers of England and its freedom, and yet these unfortunate visitors of ours must perforce be shut up with Germans and Austrians in our detention camps. Now that Professor Morfill is dead, there is probably no one who speaks their language fluently, for although it is akin to Russian, it is not the same. It is said that the Czech regiments rebelled, at the beginning

of the war, and refused to fire; and that there were dreadful reprisals in Prague. Probably they were sent westwards, and not to Galicia, as no Czech would willingly fight against the great Slav Empire of Russia. Their hatred of all things German is intense, and there are many towns in Bohemia where it is impolitic to inquire your way or do your business in the German language.

#### What We Did Not Know.

No one can say that the Germans did not play with their cards on the table in the years which preceded the war. Our ignorance about their motives, their preparations, their books, and their speeches was simply colossal. We never believed, as a country, that Germany meant to wage the most terrible war known to history. Only Wilhelm the Second's telegrams and speeches aroused any attention in this country, and even when they did, he was envisaged as a "journalist," an "actor," a "hare-brained poseur," a sovereign who was, in reality, peaceably inclined and who would hold his country back from war-like adventures. How they reconciled this belief with the Emperor's visits to Damascus and Tangier, with the Kruger telegram, the Agadir affair, the dismissal of Delcassé, and his speeches about mailed fists and the seizing of the Trident, I do not understand. Yet we had a few publicists, soldiers, and sailors who were continually warning us of Germany's intentions. Mr. Austin Harrison made the *English Review* a medium of informing the English public of Germany's aspirations to World Empire, and he is still writing brilliantly and informingly on this subject. No one can say that Lord Roberts, Mr. Maxse, or Mr. Robert Blatchford has failed to warn us. Yet only now, in the middle of our struggle, are Bernhardt and von Treitschke to be found, in convenient two-shilling editions, on our bookstalls. To be sure, last year, most of our ruling classes were too much occupied with the Tango, Russian ballet, racing, and bridge to spare time to read books by Prussian professors and soldiers. But now the horse has been stolen, we are carefully locking the stable-door, and are beginning to read what was familiar to every schoolboy in the German Empire for the last decade.

#### The Captain of the "Emden."

All Britons are glad that Captain von Müller did not go down with the *Emden*, and that he and his crew have been imprisoned with all "the honours of war." This gallant sailor, who has won immortal fame with his exploits at sea, retains his sword, and will, no doubt, be treated with all the courtesy and kindness which he extended to the commanders and crews whom he captured on his meteoric career. I fancy Captain von Müller, unlike most of his countrymen, must possess a nice sense of humour, and he seems to be absolutely free from Prussian arrogance and sword-rattling. That is why the Admiralty is leaving that lethal weapon in his possession. Unfortunately, the German Navy seems to have the specialty of these courteous knights and gentlemen. A few of them in the German Army would do wonders for their cause in the eyes of neutral countries.



FURS OF DISTINCTION AT THE INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE.

(See "Woman-About-Town.")





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*An illustrated Catalogue sent post free on application.*

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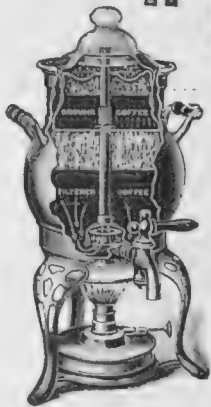
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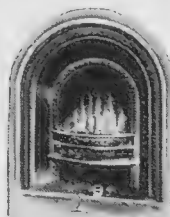
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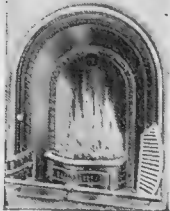
SEE HOW THE "HUE" WILL STOP THE WASTE.



You probably have an old-fashioned grate like this, which wastes the coal, gives little heat, and warms the chimney instead of the room. Why not convert it into a modern barless fire? The cost is small and the operation simple.



This is the HUE BARLESS FIRE which effects the transformation. It is adaptable to any existing grate, without the necessity of pulling down mantelpieces and removing the present stove. Satisfaction is guaranteed, as the Hue is made specially to fit your stove.



This is the same stove, showing effect produced by the HUE. More heat is given out in the room with about half the coal consumption. Not mere assertion, but proved by actual tests. The HUE is clean, hygienic, and will burn for hours without attention.

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A stylish Coat, of fine quality Seal Musquash in the fashionable bell-shape, trimmed with Skunk, and having a deep belt of Musquash in front, lined with rich fancy Satin. Price **£48**

A fashionable Fur Coat, in the stylish three-quarter length, made in Natural Musquash, grey shade—good reliable skins—lined throughout with rich coloured Satin. Price **£15**

A sumptuous full-length Coat, of dyed Kolinsky Sable. Fine silky skins. Lined throughout with rich brown Chiffon Velvet to match. A most smart and becoming garment. Price **£98**

*Furs sent on approval.*

**T**O provide employment for the Working Staff of this Establishment during the present Crisis, a large stock of high-grade Furs have just been made up in the workrooms of the International Fur Store, and are now offered to the Public at specially low war prices. These Furs are very fine in quality, made in the best manner possible, and guaranteed to be correctly described.

**T**HE renovating and remodelling of Furs is a specialité of the establishment. Fur garments with a few years' wear can be re-arranged in style and appearance to look almost like new; and Sables of bygone years can be re-worked, and altered to the shapes of the present season.

The  
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**163 & 165 REGENT**





An Evening Cloak, of fine quality Seal Musquash and Russian Ermine. Black velvet frill at neck, and sash ends of same material. Lined with rich soft ivory satin. Price **£105**

A very smart Cape, made of fine quality Seal Musquash, with vest of same fur, and the latest style of collar in fine Ermine. Lined throughout with rich Figured Velvet. Price **£45**

This illustration represents a very Handsome Fur Coat, in the fashionable three-quarter length made of fine quality Seal Musquash, lined with rich coloured Satin. Price **£19**

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Only sound, reliable skins that have been carefully examined and tested have been used in making these garments. The majority of "cheap" Furs on the market are made up from faulty skins so dressed as to conceal the defect; but naturally such Furs—both in effect and wear—are very disappointing. "International" Furs reflect the highest pitch of the Furrier's Art—in Brilliancy, in Style, and in the hang of each garment.

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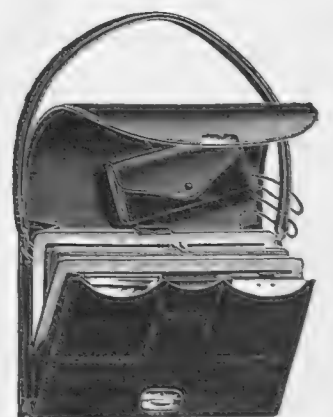


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Not often has a man to beg of ladies to be really extravagant. On a recent occasion Earl Cadogan very earnestly did so. "Where you used to order one dress, order four now," was his advice; and he said, "Right-thinking husbands will not object." Men recognise more than we do the absolute necessity for keeping up employment. It is a far more beneficial thing towards the whole community to keep existing work-rooms in full swing than to start others on philanthropic bases, although these have their distinct uses. We all know that a great many smartly dressing women have husbands on the Stock Exchange or in businesses so adversely affected by the war that their wives cannot follow Lord Cadogan's advice, nor was it meant for them. We are all equally aware that there are numbers of people who have still large incomes, who are, perhaps, sending big cheques to certain of the war funds, and whose wives are

### Smart and Efficient.

These two words seem to have a special value these war times because they make us think of our gallant troops. There are other lines on which we like to apply them. The bad weather is at hand, and we have to encounter wet days. It is satisfactory that we have the smart and efficient Dexter waterproofs to do it in. They are so beautifully tailored that they always look well, and they withstand wet satisfactorily, whether it arrives in a downpour or a drizzle. Another advantage they have is from the Dexter weave, which renders them wind-proof and dust-proof; while they are light in weight and absolutely self-ventilating. They are provided in such variety as to meet every requirement of outdoor life, and always to be suitable and in the best taste. Women favour the Berkeley, Countess, and Rufford—all three smart, stylish, and comfortable coats. Men like the Quorn, Squire, Brayton, or Bicester. All Dexter coats are seen ready for wear, and can be tried on at the leading stores and appointed agents throughout the country. A brochure illustrating the coats and showing the characteristics will be sent post free on application to Wallace Scott and Co., Ltd., Glasgow. Of these coats it can also be said that they are sold at singularly small prices for the extraordinary qualities that they possess. The Dexter coats are illustrated in "Woman's Ways."



A FRENCH PRIEST IN THE ROYAL NAVAL FLYING CORPS: THE REV. P. M. CAVROIS O'CAFFERY.

A commission in the Royal Naval Air Service has been granted to a French priest. He is the Rev. P. M. Cavois O'Caffery, one of the 22,000 French priests stated to have been called to the colours from all over the world under the Conscription Law of France. Owing to his thorough knowledge of English, his services have been transferred as mentioned.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

**Faultless Furs.** "Distinction" is ever the note of the exquisite furs to be seen in the salons of the International Fur Store, 163-165, Regent Street, W., for, whether in quality, in design, in perfection of style, they are always faultless. The quite beautiful and very smart full-folded cape which we illustrate in "Woman's Ways" is a case in point. Made of dyed sable squirrel, it is mounted on a velvet vest with a deep border of brown velvet, producing the fashionable double-cape effect. It is edged with natural fitch, and lined with rich yellow silk brocade. It is a striking example of the productions which have won the reputation of this,



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The Japanese ladies of Tokio, in co-operation in many instances with the wives and daughters of members of the British, French, and Russian Embassies, have been actively employing themselves, ever since the war began, in preparing bandages and hospital garments for the wounded and convalescent Japanese and British soldiers and sailors engaged in the operations against Tsing-tau.—[Photograph by Record Press.]

economising in clothes and household expenses. It is, after all, robbing a quiet and unostentatious Peter to pay a loudly advertising Paul.

**A Cavalry Game.** War has brought many changes, among them one in the games played by young people, who are now nothing if not warlike. A new one is the Cavalry Game, played with a pack of forty-one cards showing the types of our British cavalry in brigade cards and soldier cards, the game being to call such cards as form a brigade; these are arranged by numbers, and not by names, so that the players will gain a knowledge of the numbers of our British cavalry regiments. The pictures on the cards are in correct parade uniform, and the price of the pack is 2s. The game is introduced by the International Card Company, 96-98, Leadenhall Street, E.C.; it can, however, be obtained at most stationers, and can be ordered by any.

**A Great Help.** The opticians to his Majesty's Government, Messrs. Aitchison and Co., are offering a real and substantial help to soldiers at the front who are obliged to wear glasses. They will gladly repair, free of charge, the spectacles or eye-glasses of men on active service who will send them to 428, Strand, or any of the firm's numerous branches. They have, of course, the records of all who have previously bought glasses from them, and they will, further, record the particulars of any who care to take advantage of their offer. The firm generously offer, in addition, to supply to all who are or who wish to become soldiers during the war any spectacles or eye-glasses they may require at half the ordinary list prices. Although we are not, like the Germans, the most be-spectacled people in the world, yet we have found out the value of scientific aids to vision, and Messrs. Aitchison's fine offer will be greatly appreciated.



WITH SOME OF HER SOLDIER GUESTS: LADY GEORGINA VERNON, AT HER HOSPITAL-HOUSE AT DROITWICH.

Lady Georgina Vernon (third from the left of those seated in front) has taken a large house at Droitwich where she personally superintends the nursing back to health of wounded sailors and soldiers. She is the wife of Sir Harry Vernon, Bt., of Hanbury Hall, Droitwich, and the daughter of the tenth Earl of Haddington, the immediate predecessor of the present Earl.

Photograph by C. H. Chandler.

famous house. By the way, the International Fur Store has just issued a new catalogue of furs of distinction for the coming season. It illustrates all that is latest and best in furs, and its pages are at once a sheer delight and a liberal education.





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Wolsey, thanks to its specially selected wool, is an unrivalled safeguard against weather treacheries.

A 'sure shield' against chills and kindred ills. Wolsey is also the best insurance of comfort, economy, and satisfaction. And Wolsey is British—thus, buying Wolsey, you practise good Patriotism and good sense. To cut down on good underwear is dangerous unwisdom.

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For Ladies, Men, and Children. "Wolsey-de-Luxe" Combinations for Ladies are the perfection of Underwear and comfort. See Trade Mark.  
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MILKMAID BRAND

Exactly as served in Continental Cafés and much finer in flavour than coffee prepared in the ordinary way. You simply mix two teaspoonsful of MILKMAID BRAND CAFÉ AU LAIT with hot water in a breakfast cup and fill up with boiling water.

Delicious and distinctive.  
*Leaves no grounds for complaint.*

Be sure to ask for MILKMAID BRAND CAFÉ AU LAIT. Sold in 5½d. and 10d. tins by Grocers and Stores everywhere.

Free Sample sent for name and address of Grocer and 2d. stamps  
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WHY not, this year, decide to make the Cornish Riviera your winter retreat, especially as the contemplated Continental trip is probably frustrated by the war? If considerations of health have hitherto sent you abroad at the latter end of the year, you will be pleased to learn that the coast resorts of Cornwall possess a climate that is absolutely ideal from the point of view of the health-seeker. Moreover, Cornwall boasts a scenic splendour that holds its own with any Continental holiday ground, the season's programme is just as attractive, and there is a social gaiety about all the resorts that is pleasant in the extreme. Test the resources of the British Riviera this year—you will come back agreeably surprised and delighted.

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EXCURSIONS EACH WEEK IN NOVEMBER.

Full particulars obtainable at G.W.R. stations and offices; Messrs. T. Cook and Son's Offices; Tourist Development, 65, Haymarket, S.W., and The International Sleeping Car Company, 20, Cockspur Street, S.W.

"The Cornish Riviera" Travel Book, price 3d., or post free, 6d.

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The largest stock of **FUR** Stoles and Muffs in London, newest Furs and smartest styles,  
From **2 to 50 Gns.**

**A post-card will bring Illustrated Catalogue.**

This charming Stole and Muff in **FINE SILKY BLACK WOLF**, **4 Gns.** the Set.

Hundreds of **BLACK FOX** and **WOLF SETS** to select from, at **5 Gns.** the Set.

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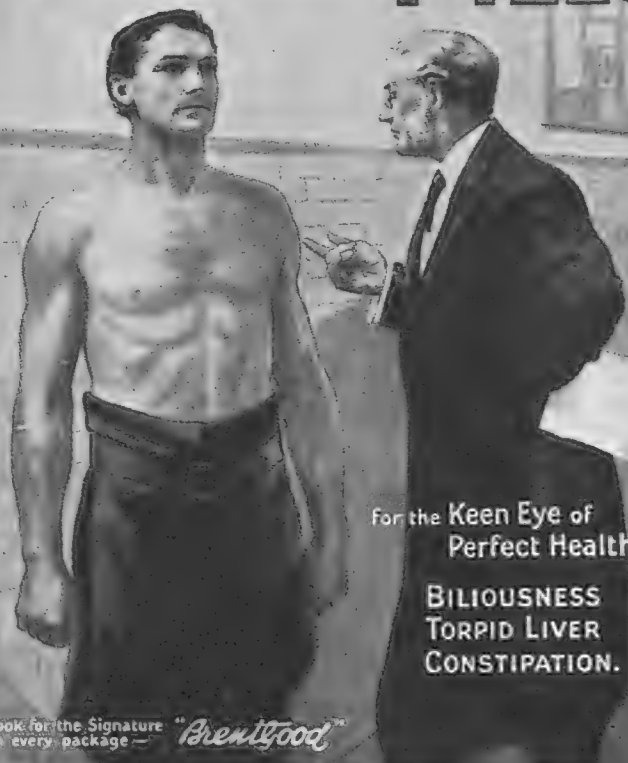
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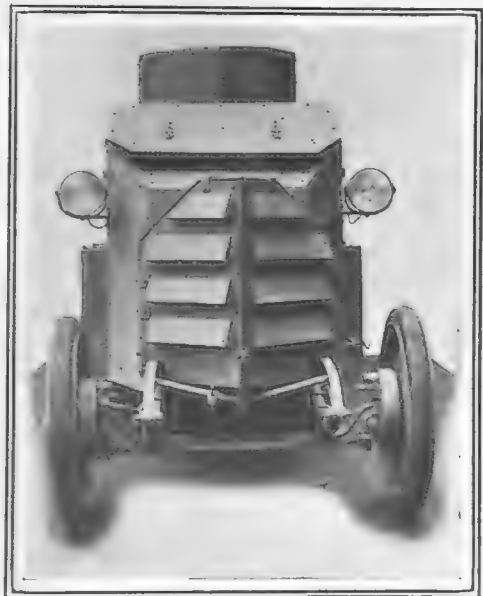


# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

A MOVING FORTRESS: IF NOT, WHY NOT, FOR US, TOO?

## A Fortress on Wheels.

Mr. Charles Jarrott is to be congratulated upon having produced within one month of the receipt of an order from the Russian Government the formidable vehicle which is illustrated herewith. It is a veritable moving fortress, and is more completely protected, in fact,



TO POLISH OFF GERMANS ON THE POLISH FRONTIER: THE JARROTT ARMoured MOTOR-CAR.

This armoured motor-car of 100 h.p., to carry two machine-guns and nine men, has been forwarded by Mr. Charles Jarrott, the well-known motor expert, to the Russian Government. A 50 h.p. machine for one gun is designed for the French Government.—[Photograph by Campbell Gray.]

can be turned in any direction by the gunner, while the second gun is worked through an aperture in the heavily armoured doors at the back. The sides of the car have apertures for rifle fire; and the driver is absolutely protected by the sloping shield in front, which need only be raised one inch when under fire, even when the car is being driven at its fastest speed. Every vital spot in the car is protected, even the radiator being covered in in a most ingenious manner—to my thinking, in fact, this is the best feature of the protective design. Since the photographs were taken, the car has been fitted with a wire-cutting appliance. The vehicle

was passed by Russian officers in London, with their highest approval, and may shortly be expected to be seen in eastern quarters, where its presence will be exceedingly unwelcome to the Germans.

## Why Not for England?

Inevitably one must ask, however, why English craftsmen should be building vehicles of this kind for a foreign Government—although, fortunately, an ally—while our own War Office has done nothing whatever in the way of providing itself with an armoured-car equipment. We know, of course, that the Admiralty has played its part manfully in this direction, but why the Admiralty alone? If the armoured-car is necessary, as it undoubtedly is, for the protection, among other purposes, of the naval wing of the Royal Flying Corps, why should the gallant Army aviators, who bore the brunt of the initial onslaughts of the Germans, have been left, and still be left, without a like protection? The use of the armoured-car for following up an aeroplane, however, is only one form in which its services



FOR UHLAN - HUNTING WITH THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS: NEWLY BUILT 25-50-H.P. TALBOT ARMoured MOTOR-CARS.

The 25-50-h.p. Talbot armoured-cars shown in front of the Clement Talbot offices have been built for the Admiralty. They will be fitted with front wheel side-plates and machine-guns, at a dockyard. They have Harland dual twin rims, 820 by 120.

are being employed; and what could be more lamentably curious than the fact that the official "Eye-Witness" at the front should call attention to the value of armoured vehicles in the hands of the Belgians, while our own Army can show nothing of the same kind?

## Those Seventy Thousand Cars.

A thing one would dearly like to know is the exact number of motor vehicles which the Germans have employed in the present campaign. According to the Petrograd correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*, they have 70,000 on the eastern front alone. This is a tremendous total, and one that by no means is beyond the bounds of possibility, provided a wholesale commandeering of civilians' cars had been made for army purposes. How near the total is akin to accuracy, however, is a question of whether the cars were actually counted or merely estimated in the lump. If anything like 70,000 are employed on the east, there is no reason for supposing that the number on the west was not even larger at the outbreak of the war; and the reason why one would like to know the actual figures is that they raise the whole question of whether motor-cars can or cannot be effectively used for purposes of transport. We know, of course, that motor-lorries and motor-buses have been used by the Allies and the enemy alike for the conveyance of ammunition and commissariat, and there is overwhelming testimony to show that in this respect the British Army has easily come out ahead. We know, too, that touring-cars are used everywhere by Staff Officers and despatch riders, and as means of communication between the lines and important cities.

## A Question of Numbers.

These various purposes, it is true, involve the use of a large number of motor-vehicles, but the figures are relatively insignificant compared with what would be required if an army seriously addressed itself to the task of actually employing cars for the conveyance of troops by road. A few hundreds, of course, would be useless; it is a matter of thousands. But if the Germans have really 70,000 cars on one front alone, it is clear that road transportation has actually been practised.



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## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

## "The Price of Love."

BY ARNOLD BENNETT.  
(Methuen.)

With all the nice domestic detail that Mr. Arnold Bennett's art revels in, he sets forth the case of a sensible little thing—flesh, bone, and blood of the Five Towns—who married for love. Her husband, not too straight, weak, amiable, and amusing, is a chastened edition of Dick Swiveller, a type ever beloved of women. The ups-and-downs of the first two months of marriage, following on a courtship as idyllic as Bursley or Hanley could produce, leave Rachel a realist from whom all trace of the sentimentalist as regards her Louis has been purged; there was a sinister streak in his nature—but watch him from the bow-window of a morning as he walked down the street! She would accept the danger: "He's mine, and I wouldn't have him altered for the world." And as she "thus undertook to pay the price of love, there was something divine about Rachel's face." The love bought in this gallant sporting spirit is a flower of the soil wherein Mr. Bennett digs to so much profit. The glaze of Chinese dynasties is not a problem affected by the Five Towns; they are concerned with making pots for straightforward Britons who don't ask for plum-blossom, and prefer cheapness to perfection. The price of love—in Bursley, Mr. Bennett might have said, for there are as many kinds of love as there are of porcelain, and the price varies. They would not understand in Bursley, for example, the price that Francesca paid for it. Bursley would even deprecate the price that Cleopatra paid for it; and it would take more than Helen-with-the-high-hand, missing, to launch a thousand ships from Bursley. But, being Bursley, Mr. Bennett is as memorable as ever he was. Councillor Batchgrew taking Mrs. Maldon's hand with a certain negligence, muttering "Sings!" and fixing an unfriendly eye on her gas because she had resisted his overtures to equip her house with electricity—*quel beau geste!* And Mrs. Maldon herself in her sitting-room that "fair passed" her friends, hung with water-colours from the hand of her son Athelstan, a hand that had lain mouldering for a quarter of a century, that Mrs. Maldon sometimes saw, fleshless, on a cage-like skeleton in a dark grave, and the next moment would see herself tending its chilblains! Oh, Mr. Bennett understands these things!

## "The Achievement."

BY E. TEMPLE THURSTON.  
(Chapman and Hall.)

The artistic temperament punctuated with a series of pointless love-affairs, to fall the victim, ultimately, of rude catastrophe, is the summing-up of "Achievement." Of course, there are the pictures—the wonderful colour-printing. But when were pictures of novelists' heroes in any sense an achievement? No one believes in them; in proportion as the novelist enjoys projecting them, we become bored or incredulous—even Goethe couldn't give them an air of reality. It is all too good and too tiresome to be true, this artistry of Dicky's, "the Futurist spirit leavened with sanity and steeped in a beauty comprehensible to the

minds of anyone." What a blessing it is that these fervent inhumanities never *can* come true! But Mr. Thurston can make the prettiest pictures all by himself. "Everywhere that he walked the grass was wet and white with dew. Like silver melting in a crucible, the river mists dissolved and dispersed in the heat of the rising sun. On all the hedgerows a magic network of spiders' webs was strung; there were some like parachutes, some like crinolines, some like fine pendants hung about a woman's neck." Anyone with a garden may find that picture verified these autumn mornings. And he can be as convincing in more personal touches, as when Dicky penetrated the real character of one of his young women, "but it was in the nature of him, as a man, immediately to forget it." For it is only in moments, Mr. Thurston adds, that men are dispassionate about women; while half their lives through women are being dispassionate about men. Neither one nor another of these clever author-ways, however, can make "The Achievement" a great or stirring book. Dicky attracted many women to desperate love of him, and he responded to quite a number, but never desperately. He answered with all the fidelity of his nature to a vision of beauty which impelled him to rustic idylls after the manner of Millet or Velasquez-cum-Whistlerian portraits. There was no reason why he should not have painted himself out, enjoying his fame, his riches, and, in moderation, his fatal attractiveness. The disaster which snapped the delicate threads of his story was unsought by him, and in no sense belonged to his development. Talent, egotism, and instinctive restraint are so obviously together for success.

## "The Man with the Double Heart."

BY MURIEL HINE.  
(Bodley Head.)

It is an ingenious idea, that of the great Harley Street doctor already going mad while he gave out his sentences of life and death, and delivering so odd a one to the hero as that of the two hearts. "One heart's on your right side," he said, "and one's in the proper place. You're perfectly healthy." And, adding a sanely obvious joke on the amorous aspect of the subject, dismissed him. Now the patient went forth, a leisured man, with his two hearts and his mixed temperament from Scotland and Italy—"porridge and chianti," he called it—and embarked on some various and futile flirtations with young women. When vexed at finding himself attracted by quite hostile types of womanhood, he cursed that double heart of his; but was spared, thanks to an infinite prudence, any real entanglement. Even when the alluring French Bohemienne had been shelved, and the real right thing in the way of girls who had knocked at his legitimate heart for years was recognised as his fate, he was signally backward in coming forward. Once safe, however, and married, he heard of that Harley Street doctor's lunacy, and the last uneasy shade over his bliss dissolved. The idea, however ingenious, does not save the young man as hero. He is a horrid bore. The one way of hope for him was to have heard the call of Kitchener. And he has had the misfortune to be born a month or so too soon!

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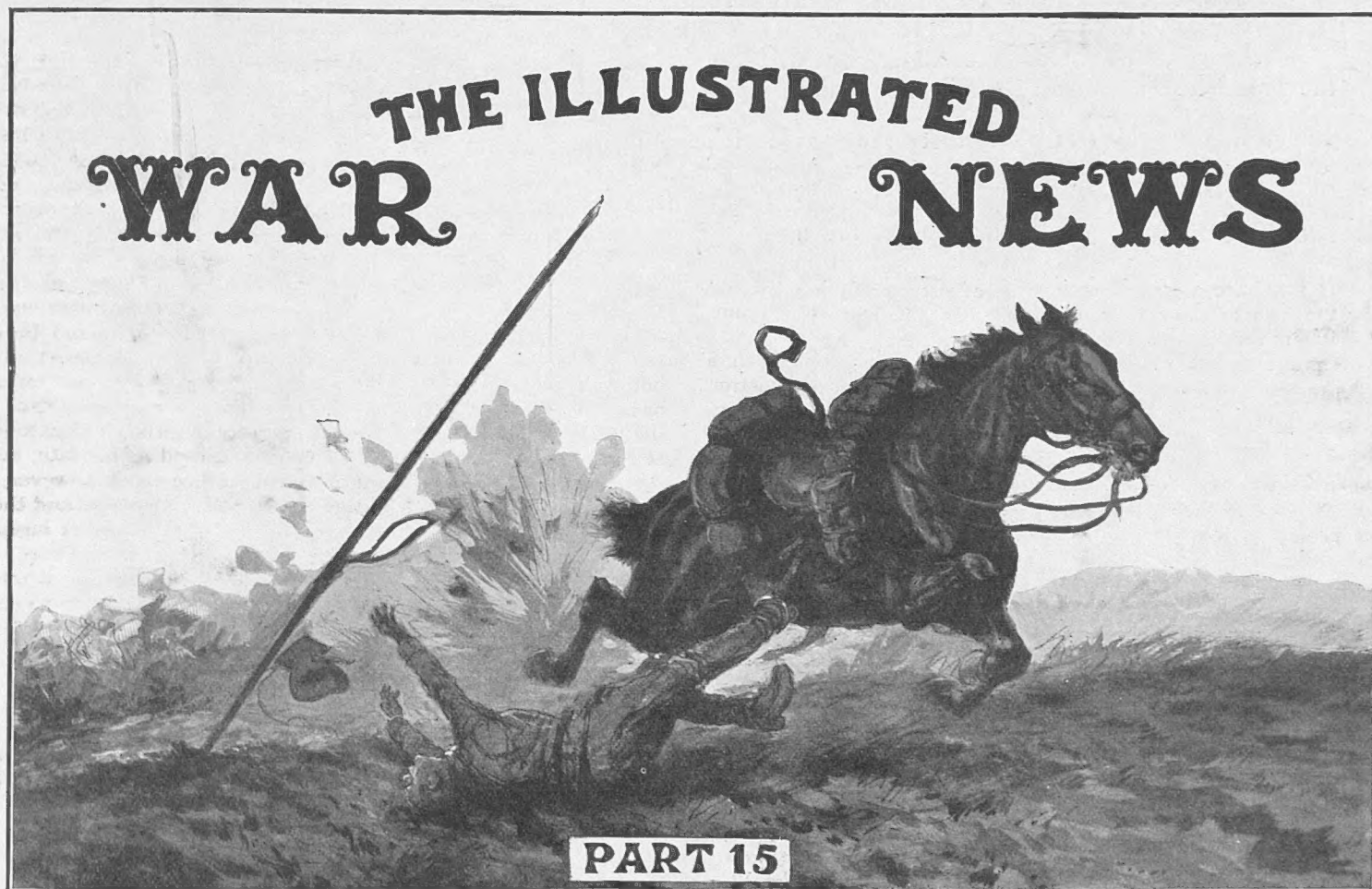
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